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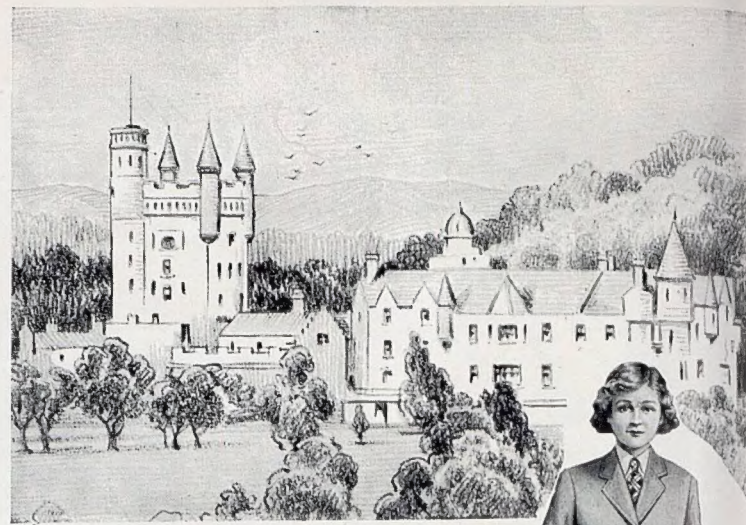


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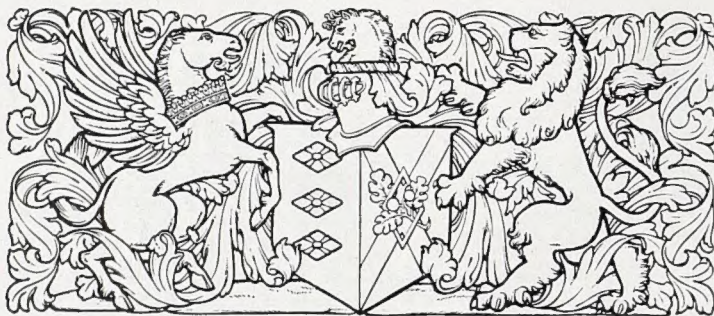
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THE QUEEN PRAISED
A LADY OF FRANCE

WHEN Her Majesty visited the International Horse Show at the White City, among the trophies she presented was the Queen Elizabeth II Cup, which she is here handing, with her congratulations, to Mlle. Jose Bonnaud, of France, who rode Charleston. She just beat Britain's Miss Pat Smythe on Tosca. More pictures of the Show will be found on pages 182-5



Appearing almost to "take off" into the clouds, Grey Skies, ridden by Lady Mary Rose Williams, sister of the late ninth Duke of Grafton, soars over an obstacle in the Ladies Débutante event

HORSE SHOW THAT SURPASSED ALL

SO greatly has the prestige of the International Horse Show grown in the past few years that it can now be sure of attracting Europe's best horses. This year's display, culminating in the winning of the principal trophy by a German rider, drew record crowds and was favoured by the best weather of the summer. Jennifer describes the Show on pp. 186-7



Watching a round in the Selby Cup were (seated) Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, wife of the chairman, with Glenn Hickman, and behind, Mrs. de Boinville and Lady Hickman, wife of Sir Howard Hickman, Bt.



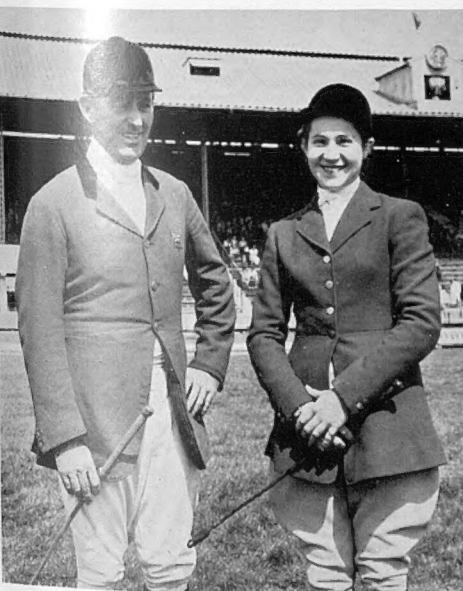
Miss Smythe, Britain's lady champion rider, is in conversation with Major David Satow



Judging the Ladies Hacks class in the sunshine were Mrs. F. W. Ransom and Mrs. N. H. Tollit



Miss Sue Whitehead and Miss Betty Gear inspecting the obstacles together before competing



Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn had been giving some advice to Miss Georgina Peerman, from South Africa



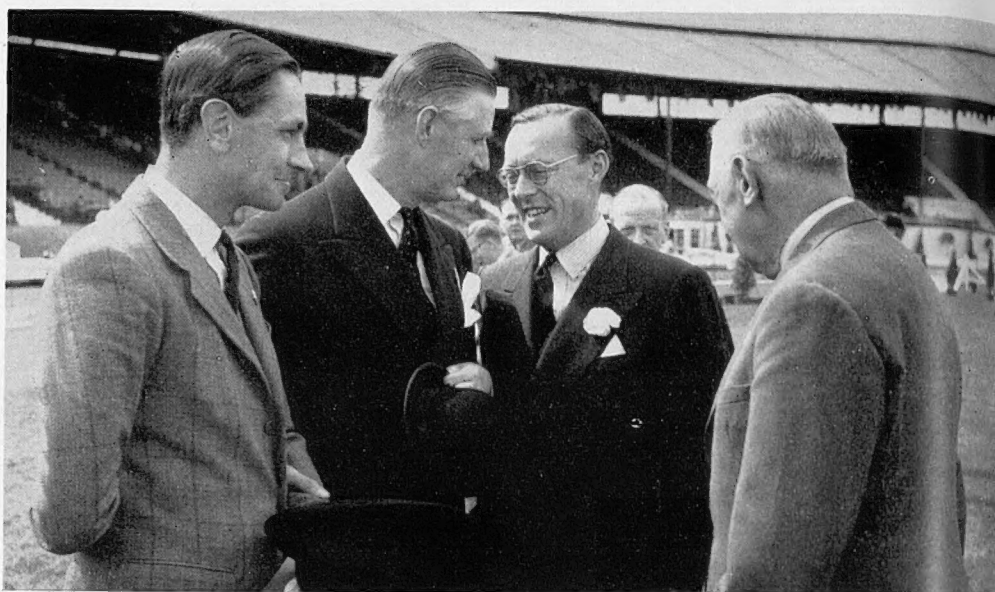
An immaculate turn-out was that of Mrs. B. H. Mellor, here leaving the arena driving the winner of an amateur single harness ponies class, her Hurstwood Lonely Maid

[Continued
loverleaf

Continuing —

NO EASY LAURELS AT WHITE CITY

WINNERS and runners-up of events at the International Horse Show had good reason to be proud, for the competition was of the stiffest. The breathless jump-off in the King George V trophy—for which riders of six countries entered—gave spectators the greatest thrill for years



Discussing the Show's bright prospects—which fully materialized—on the opening day were Major L. Rook, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell, the Show manager, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and Col. V. D. S. Williams, chairman



Mons. M. Dupuy, of the French team, taking Heliade over a gate in one of the principal jumping events



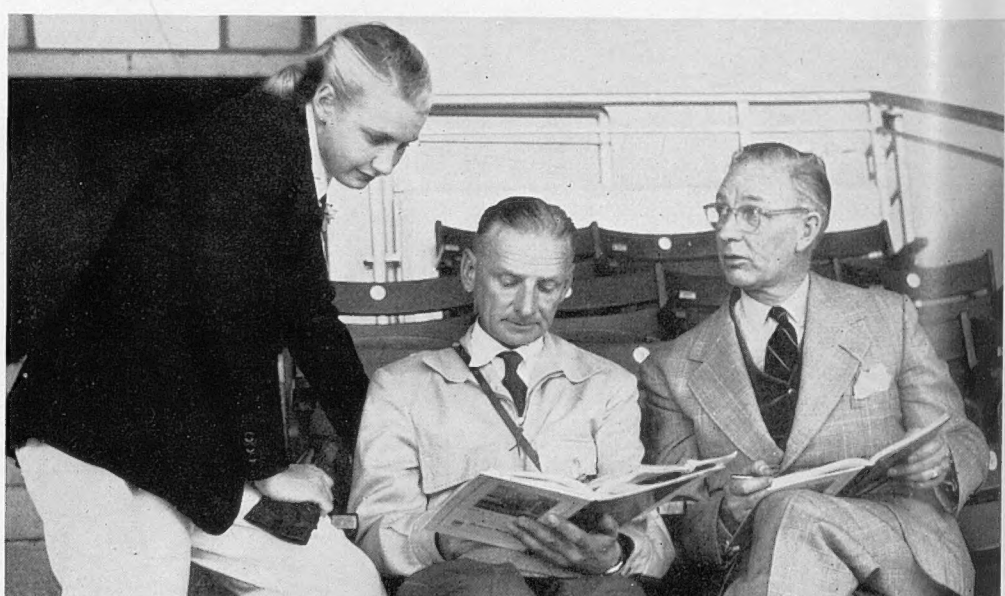
Leader of the French team, Col. Pierre Cavaille, arriving with his wife for the gala evening



Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., a light trade turnout judge, also owner of the harness horse winner, with Lady Colman



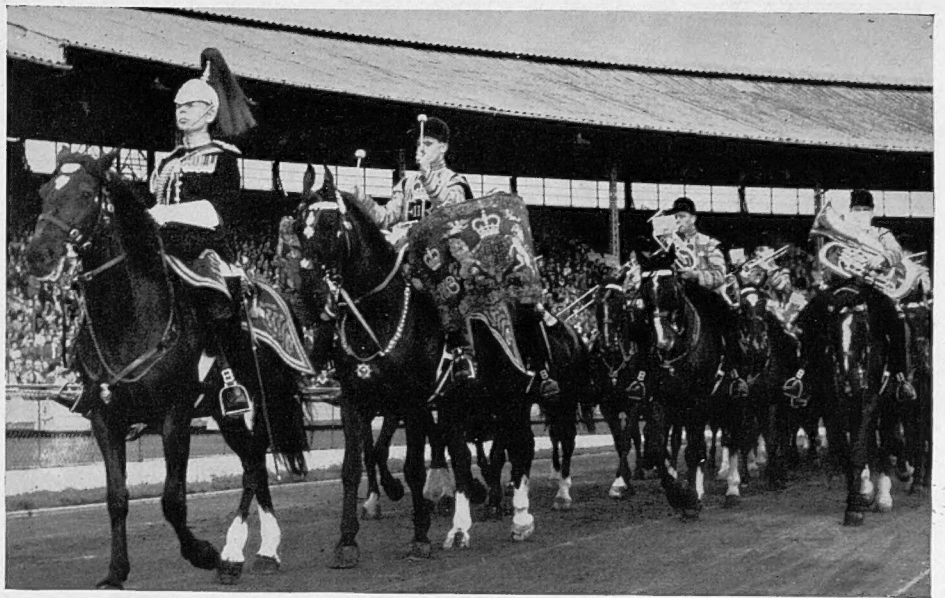
A member of the German team, Herr H. Winkler, gave a fine performance on his horse Halla



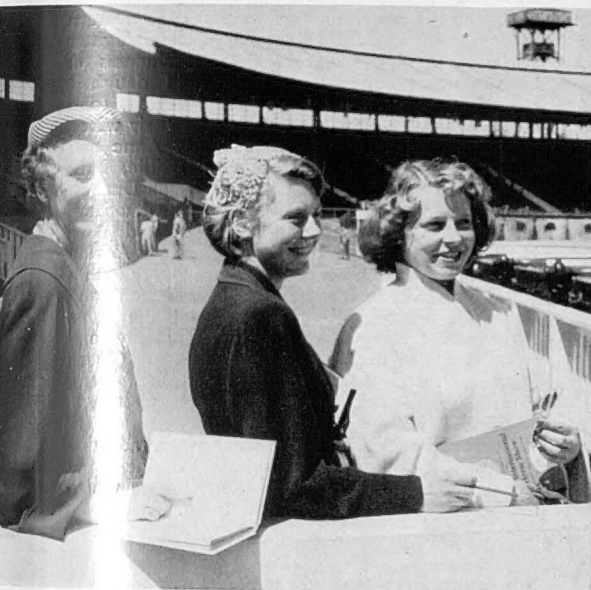
Placings in one of the international events were here being analysed by Canadian team members Miss Shirley Thomas and Major Anatole Pierodski and their captain Mr. Donald Umphrey



Amusing incident in the hack judging caught the attention of Miss Valerie Pepper, Miss Heather Stott and Mrs. G. A. Stott



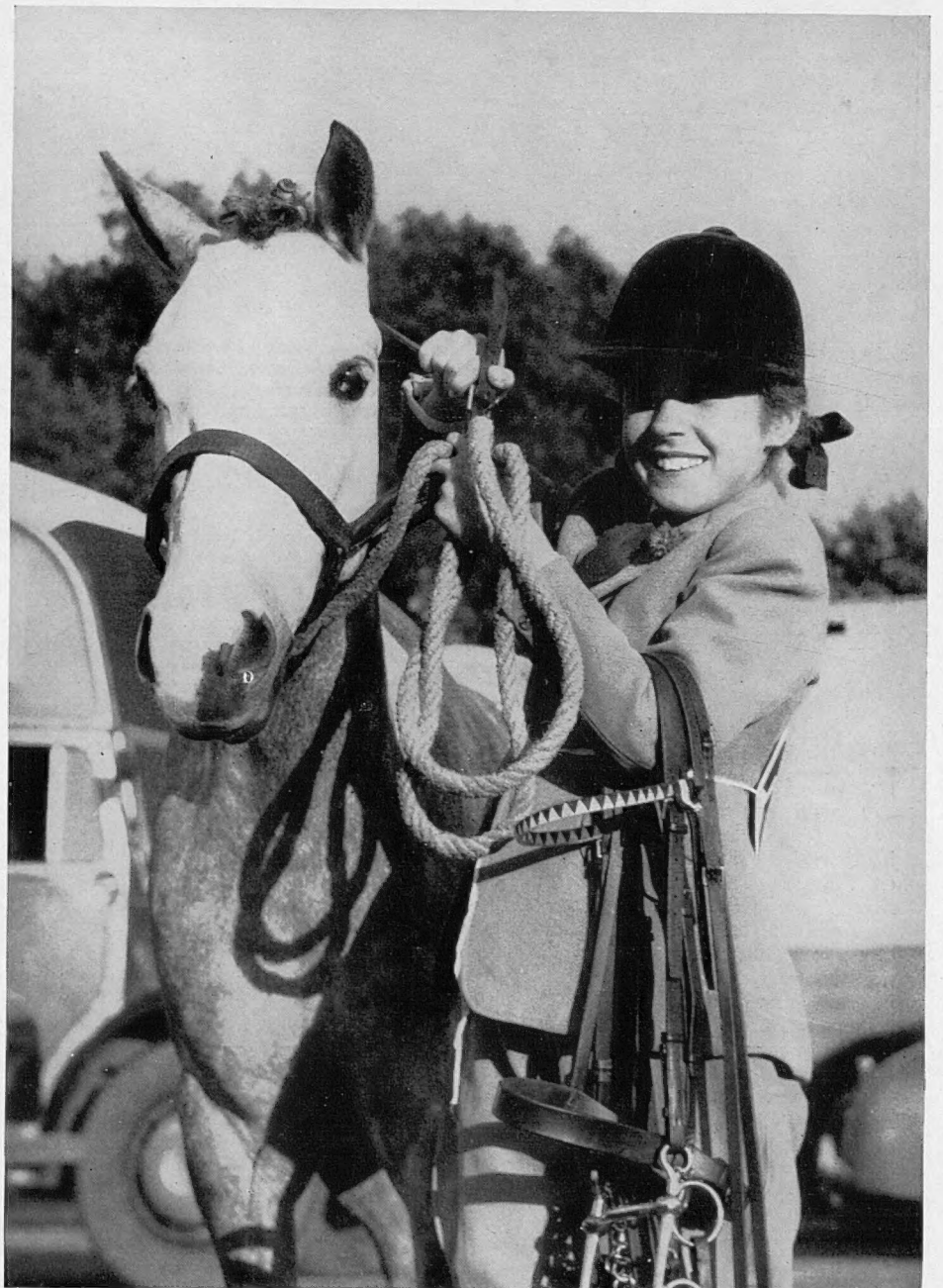
On the gala night the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards rode, playing, around the arena for the parade of riders competing in the King George V Gold Cup event before the Queen



Percy Legard and Miss Sarah Legard with Miss Margaret Jungberg, a Swedish visitor



In a box in the main stand were Miss Sally Thornycroft, Miss Biddy Kimmins and Miss Caroline Galitzine



Downland Wapiti need not have looked apprehensive. His rider in the Children's Pony class, Miss Tricia Conoley, was merely about to put on his bridle, a task she was fully competent to perform

Desmond O'Neill



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, is chairman of a concert to be held at St. James's Palace for the Queen's Institute of District Nurses. She was here (right) with Viscountess Hambleden, D.C.V.O., the deputy chairman, at a committee meeting held at the home of Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston (standing) in Chelsea Square

Social Journal

Jennifer

A Maid of Honour Was Married

THE QUEEN, wearing a pale pink wild silk dress and little hat to match, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret all attended the reception after the marriage of Mr. Adrian Bailey and Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, who was one of the Queen's maids of honour at her Coronation last year. The ceremony took place in St. James's, Spanish Place, white flowers decorating this lovely church. It was brief as the bridegroom is not a Roman Catholic, and was performed by Father Patrick Casey assisted by Father Edward Quigley, while the address was given by Father Joseph Christie.

Lady Mary, who was given away by her father the Earl of Haddington, was a beautiful bride. She wore an exquisite wedding dress of white organza with a tight-fitting bodice and very full skirt appliquéd with lace medallions, which formed a train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of tiny white gardenias and she carried an ivory-covered prayer-book with white flowers on a satin ribbon hanging from it. She was followed by a retinue of small children who looked enchanting.

The pages, Christopher Clark, cousin of the bride, Struan Wilson, Michael Warrender and Peter Howard-Johnson, wore Kate Greenaway suits in apple green and carried straw hats. The child bridesmaids Davina, Sarah and Emma Chetwode, cousins of the bride, and Linda Bailey, cousin of the bridegroom, were in Kate Greenaway dresses of white organza with green flowered stripes, and white fichus. On their heads they wore mob caps of white muslin trimmed with flowers and carried little baskets of blue and white flowers.

The bride's mother, the Countess of Haddington, looked very lovely wearing a beautifully cut pink lace dress, with a hat to match and a five-row choker of pearls.

AFTER receiving the Royal guests, the Earl and Countess of Haddington stood welcoming others they had invited for over an hour with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, the latter very chic in a white dress with a green and white flowered cap and a mink stole.

Vases of beautiful garden flowers were arranged in all the rooms of Hutchinson House, which were soon filled with relatives and friends who had come to wish this popular young couple all happiness. The Queen, with her mother and sister,

stayed until the bride and bridegroom went to cut their wedding cake, and were gaily talking to numerous friends. I saw the bride's young brother Lord Binning, also her aunt, the Countess of Minto, in a light brown and white printed dress and hat of brown panne, with the Earl of Minto and their two beautiful daughters, Lady Bridget Garnett whose small son Christopher Clark was a page, and Lady Willa Chetwode whose three little daughters were bridesmaids. Their sons Viscount Melgund and the Hon. Dominic Elliot, who had both been busy as ushers in the church, were there, also Viscountess Melgund, who was talking to Lady Ogilvy. The latter wore a little white cap with her red silk dress. Youngest guest at the party was Viscount and Viscountess Melgund's seven-month-old son who, sitting up in his nanny's arms, took the greatest interest in the proceedings.

Mr. David Bailey, who was best man to his brother, proposed the health of the bridegroom.

ALSO at the wedding were the bridegroom's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bailey, his uncles Mr. Ian Bailey and General Robertson, with Mrs. Robertson, and his aunts Mrs. Duthey, Mrs. Hans Barnard Hankey, Lady Ropner and Mrs. Cannon with their husbands. Other guests I met were the French Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer in royal blue, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon looking charming in a summery dress and flowered cap, and M. Willie Durand, a cousin of the bride who had come over from Paris for the wedding.

Among the many hundred guests, I saw Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow, with her daughter Lady Joan Gore-Langton, the Marchioness of Linlithgow and her fourteen-year-old daughter Lady Mary Hope, Lord Plunket, the Hon. John and the Hon. Robin Warrender and their wives, the Countess of Leicester with Lady Anne and Lady Carey Coke, Lady Maud Baillie, Miss Meriel and Miss Belinda Gold, Miss Fiona Duthey, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney and their daughter, Julie, the Chief Government Whip and Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Earl Haig, Sir Adrian Jarvis and Viscountess Hambleden in grey with a yellow turban, accompanied by her son and daughter, Viscount Hambleden and the Hon. Katherine Smith, who gave a very gay and amusing dance that evening at which the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, and Princess Margaretha of Sweden were present.

The bride and bridegroom went away, radiating happiness, for a honeymoon on the Continent and will return to a charming house in Chelsea which the bride's parents have given them.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE BERNHARD of the Netherlands, who because of a back injury can no longer compete in show jumping events, took part in the dressage tests at Hanstead House, Bricket Wood, on the eve of the International Horse Show at the White City. Riding his own horse Arquibase he was placed fifth in the Prix Saint George, which was won by Mrs. V. D. S. Williams on Pilgrim. Col. Pantchulidzew, who is a very old friend of Prince Bernhard and his frequent companion at horse shows, rode the Prince's Lascara in this event, and was placed a little lower.

Next day, Prince Bernhard accompanied by his two eldest daughters, Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene, and his mother Princess Armgarde zu Lippe Biestefeld, was present at the opening performance of the "International." Both Princesses are as keen as their father on riding and horses and were delighted that they were coming later to the evening performance and again the following day before the royal party flew home to Holland.

One of the first events they saw was the finals of the Selby Cup, which resulted in a triple tie between Miss Pat Smythe on Tosca, eighteen-year-old Miss Dawn Palethorpe on Earlsrath and Mr. D. Beard on Costa. Miss Pat Smythe won this cup on Tosca last year and had tied for it with two other competitors in 1952. Later in the afternoon there was a most exciting international jumping competition, open to amateur and professional riders alike, for the "Mr. Jorrocks's Stakes." This was not only a test of jumping but of speed, and was won by M. J. d'Oriola of France on his handy little grey Voullette. Col. "Duggy" Stewart on Mr. Hanson's The Monarch, and Señor Carlos Figueroa from Spain on his grand little chestnut Gracieux, tied for second place. The latter won the King George V Gold Cup at this show in 1952.



THE QUEEN WAS A GUEST at the wedding reception of Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Mr. Adrian Bailey. She is seen with Princess Margaret and Mrs. R. Graham Bailey on the right of the young couple, while on their left are the Queen Mother and the Bride's mother, the Countess of Haddington. Standing are (left) Mr. R. Graham Bailey and (right) Mr. David Bailey (best man) and the Earl of Haddington

Two days later the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, came to see the evening performance. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, and the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, were also in the Royal box that evening. After watching a parade of the Belvoir Hounds with their famous huntsman, George Tonge, a demonstration by the winner of the Prix St. George Dressage Test, and the harness horse championship stake won by Sir Nigel Colman's Black Magic of Norfolk, they saw the greatest event of the year in the show jumping world, the competition for the King George V Gold Cup.

It was one of the most thrilling finals that have ever taken place, seven British horses, six German, one Portuguese, three French, one Irish and one Danish competing. Three competitors, the German horse Meteor ridden by Herr Franz Thiedemann, Red Admiral ridden by Mr. Alan Oliver and Nizefela ridden by Mr. Wilf White all did four rounds, and again all completed the course without a fault when some of the obstacles had been raised.

On the third jump off Nizefela was eliminated after faults at the water-jump and the last obstacle. In the fourth round with some of the jumps raised to formidable height both Meteor and Red Admiral hit one obstacle each, so tied again! In the fifth round, however, Meteor was faultless, while Red Admiral, having jumped again magnificently, just hit the final jump, so this great cup, the most

coveted trophy in show jumping, went to Germany.

Her Majesty, who was wearing a grey mink cape over her grey and pink short evening dress, presented the prize to Herr Thiedemann who had also won the *Country Life* Cup on Meteor earlier in the day. Mr. Alan Oliver who had ridden so well for Great Britain was presented to the Queen, who also handed the Queen Elizabeth II Cup to the French rider Mlle. J. Bonnaud who had won this international jumping championship for lady riders the previous day.

Before the Royal party left the Queen stopped to talk to Col. "Mike" Ansell, manager of the Show, who is such an inspiration to all competitors.

Among the audience that evening I saw the Earl and Countess of Lewes, who are both great horse-lovers, Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset, Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Major Rhidian Llewellyn with his attractive wife Lady Honor Llewellyn, who saw their brother Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn jumping on Foxhunter, the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Beaumont who were dining in the glass-fronted members' dining terrace with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Norman at a nearby table with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, and just behind them Major Mervyn and Lady Violet Vernon.

The young Canadian rider Miss Shirley Thomas was dining with her parents, and Major Macdonald-Buchanan had a youthful party with him including his younger son and daughter, James and Mary, Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones and Mr. John

Vivian Smith, who has inherited his grandfather Lord Bicester's love of horses.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston very kindly lent her delightful house in Chelsea Square for the first committee meeting to arrange for the concert which is to take place at St. James's Palace, by gracious permission of the Queen, on October 20. The meeting was in her large first-floor double drawing-room, with its pale green walls, and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, looking charming in a pale pink silk dress and big black hat, presided.

This concert, at which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has promised to be present, is in aid of that splendid cause the Queen's Institute of District Nurses, which, as Princess Alice said, does such wonderful work for us all directly or indirectly throughout the country. Many of the nurses who have gone out in all weathers, at all hours, to attend to the sick are now growing old and face retirement. They have to be provided for as well as the hundreds of nurses busy today on the active list.

Viscountess Hambleden, who is chairman of the concert committee, was present, also Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's mother, Mrs. Warren Pearl, who made a splendid appeal, and at the end of the meeting

[Continued overleaf]



Mrs. Mildred Coleman, who had just received the M.B.E., with Mr. E. Coleman (right) and her nephew Mr. Michael Helyar



Lt.-Col. J. C. Duck, of Glasgow, shows his O.B.E. to his sisters, Mrs. Mackay (left) and Mrs. Baines, outside the Palace



Col. Edward Carkeet-James, Governor of the Tower of London, leaving with his wife and daughter after receiving the O.B.E.

Recipients Of Honours From The Queen At The Recent Investiture At Buckingham Palace



Mrs. and Mr. David Lloyd and Mr. Donald Methven were having a quiet conversation in a charmingly arranged corner of the drawing-room

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Foundations Laid for a Concert

was able to announce that already £700 had been raised by the sale of tickets, advertisements in the programme, and donations. Among the latter was a very kind donation of £100 from Lady Marks, who was also present.

Among others who were there to give their support were Mme. Brosio, wife of the Italian Ambassador, Mrs. Washington-Singer and Penelope Countess of Stamford. Tickets for the concert are obtainable from the chairman, Viscountess Hambleton, 20a/140 Park Lane, W.1.

After the meeting, Mrs. Lawson-Johnston very kindly entertained everyone to short drinks downstairs, where many strolled through to admire her charming little walled garden which was a blaze of colour. The Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's three little daughters, looking enchanting in white cotton frocks embroidered with coloured dots, came down for a short while to join the guests.

★ ★ ★

MRS. BORTHWICK and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams were joint hostesses at a very good coming-out dance for Miss Winifred Borthwick. Mrs. Butler Adams, who is Winifred's godmother, and Mr. Butler Adams kindly lent their charming home Great Cozens at Ware for the occasion, and had a marquee with a dance floor built on the side of the house while all the reception rooms were used for sitting out, and one for supper. The rose garden, adjoining the marquee, which was in full bloom and floodlit, made a superb summer scene.

Winifred, who wore a very pretty white dress for the dance, stood receiving the guests with her mother, who wore an aquamarine tiara with her

brown lace and tulle gown, and Mrs. Butler Adams who looked lovely in a navy blue and white printed dress. Unlike most débutantes Winifred has had to refuse many invitations this season as she has been studying very hard up at Oxford to take her entrance examination for the University. As it is now the long vacation, many of her young friends who have also been studying were at this dance, which went with great spirit from the beginning until it ended at dawn.

Col. Algernon Borthwick and Mr. Butler Adams were both there, and among those who gave dinner parties were Mrs. Butler Adams's mother, Mrs. Bernard Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. G. P. S. Macpherson, Mrs. Mervyn Griffith-Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, the latter wearing her magnificent sapphire and diamond necklace and earrings with a sapphire blue lace dress. They brought Prince Frederick of Prussia and his pretty wife, who wore an ice blue satin dress, and Baron Westonhole in their party. Among young guests dancing were Miss Carolyn Barclay, Miss Belinda Fox pretty in red, Miss Virginia Estcourt in a pale yellow crinoline, Miss Penelope Hanbury, Mr. Spencer le Marchant, Miss Lucinda Leveson Gower and Mr. Euan Johnson, who was joining the Grenadier Guards in the Canal Zone a few days later.

Photographs of the party will be found on pages 200-1.

★ ★ ★

IN 1749 Justerini, one of our oldest firms of wine merchants, established themselves in premises in Pall Mall. For over 200 years those premises retained their old-fashioned charm, and survived



The hostess, Mrs. Tom Page, was showing her cousin Lord Mancroft round the roof garden before the rain came on

A THUNDERSTORM interrupted a "farewell" party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Page in the roof garden of their delightful Chelsea home for a U.S. friend—but it was resumed immediately in the house itself, and the thirty or so guests enjoyed a memorable evening

the bombing, nevertheless recently the directors of Justerini and Brooks, Mr. Kenneth Murray, Mr. Eddie Tatham, Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mr. Walter Sewell, decided, on renewing the Crown lease, that the time had come to move farther north, and they have taken premises in the new *Time* and *Life* building in Bond Street.

IT was to celebrate the opening of these new headquarters that the directors gave two cocktail parties on consecutive nights. On the first night, among friends I saw there were Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray who were talking to the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur, and her mother the Maharanee of Cooh Behar, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting admiring the Oliver Messel décor and clever lighting—they both incidentally came again to the second party—the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Leconfield conversing with his niece Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, Mr. "Pop" Onslow-Fane, Lt.-Col. Gerard Leigh, who has been commanding the Life Guards in Germany, and his wife, and Col. and Mrs. "Naps" Brinckman.

Major David and Lady Willa Chetwode had come up from their home in Hampshire for the party, and others there included Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan who had just returned from an amusing weekend in Le Touquet, the Marquess of Douro and Mr. Messel who was receiving many congratulations on his work. The following evening the guests included the young Duke of Kent, the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Diana Cooper whose friends were delighted to see her back in London, her nephew the Duke of Rutland, Lady Ashcombe and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most interesting shows I have been to during the past few weeks was the two-day London Flower Academy Exhibition of flower arrangements at the Royal Horticultural Hall, under the auspices of the London Floral Decoration Society, a truly splendid effort. There were over 300 exhibits, many of them showing great individuality and originality. The Society's aim is to encourage the love of flowers, to stimulate interest in arranging them to the best advantage in our homes, and to improve the standard of floral decoration at shows, and membership is open to all interested amateurs. The Society has grown considerably since it was founded in 1951 by the original thirty members, who were nearly all star exhibitors in the Royal Horticultural Society's Floral Decoration Competitions instituted



Phyllis Lady Delamere and Baron Eugenie de Rothschild were watching the dancing while they smoked



Mrs. Anthony Wellis and Mrs. Rex Cohen were two other guests at this delightful party



Mr. Tom Page, the host, was asking Mrs. Catherine Bray if she would like another glass of wine

Clayton Evans

by the late Lord Aberconway before World War Two.

Exhibits at the recent show included "The Seven Ages of Man" arranged by Mrs. H. W. Hall, the very enterprising chairman of the executive committee. There was a section of flower arrangements depicting celebrated china or porcelain which included one of Copeland Spode arranged by Mrs. Rick, while Mr. G. H. Pitt, one of the most famous surgeons in southern England, had used a small branch of a fruit-bearing pear tree and red roses to produce Famille Vert, and the Hon. Mrs. Kidston, vice-chairman of the committee, had a very colourful exhibit called Orange Spode.

CATHERERS exhibiting in this section included Mrs. E. Land, Mrs. Eric Johnson and Mrs. J. J. Evans whose husband Major J. J. Evans, late of the Welsh Guards, had a charming exhibit in the section devoted to "small arrangements of between nine to twelve inches overall," in which he had pieces of the rather new cool green plant Mossella. The flower pictures in frames numbered forty and included a delightful arrangement of small white peonies and syringa done by Lady Hugh Williams, a charming study in yellow, grey and blue by Mrs. Cyril Potter who had several fine exhibits on show, and a vase of mixed white flowers with black background by the Hon. Mrs. Erskine. The section called "Free Expression" gave a splendid opportunity for individuality. Mr. Ian Nicholls showed the difference in a vase as arranged in 1904 and one in 1954, Mrs. Robert Pearce chose the Hon. Dorothy Paget's blue and yellow tracing colours in flowers for what she called "Ascot Party," and Mrs. J. S. Allpass had an enchanting exhibit entitled "Blue for a Boy and Pink for a Girl"—small blue flowers arranged in the form of baby's booties, and the same in pink.

The whole exhibition was fascinating, and was of interest for people living in London as well as the country, as you do not need a garden to become an exhibitor. For membership you can enrol through the Hon. Secretary, I.F.D.S., 20 Haslemere Avenue, Hounslow West, Middlesex. The next show of the Society will be a Christmas Decorations Competition which will be held in the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall in Greycoat Street, S.W.1, on December 8.

NEARLY 7,000 guests attended the last garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace, which was held on a fine but overcast afternoon. The Queen, who wore a neat little blue and white hat with her navy blue shantung taffeta coat over a blue and white printed organza dress, came out of the Palace at 4 p.m. accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra who, like the other Royal ladies with wide-brimmed hats, had to clutch her green straw hat during the frequent gusts of wind. With them were the young King of Jordan, and Prince Chakrabongse of Siam and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden arrived an hour later and had tea in the Royal tea tent where other politicians included Mr. Harold Macmillan and the former Minister of Agriculture and Lady Dugdale. Members of the Diplomatic Corps included the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, and the Spanish Ambassador talking to the Portuguese Ambassador. Also having tea here were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley and that both revered and charming personality Mabel, Countess of Airlie, who had been at so many garden parties in attendance on the late Queen

Mary. She was having a long talk with the Queen.

Other guests strolling about or enjoying their tea at tables on the lawn included the Dowager Duchess of Grafton with her daughter Lady Cecilia Howard and Mr. George Howard, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn talking to the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lord and Lady Lyle, the latter looking charming in white with a mink stole, and her mother Lady Jarvis, who had come up from her Sussex home for the garden party.

I also saw Brig. Denis Fitzgerald on leave from Germany for a few days, with whom the Queen stopped and talked for some time, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, the latter wearing a white dress, Lord Digby, Lady Worsley, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, Lady Dashwood, Lady Vansittart, and Dame Edith Evans who was among those presented.

AMONG young girls I saw were Miss Charmiane Schroeder with her mother, Miss Elaine Todd and her sister Miss Anne Todd whose home is in East London, near Durban, where the latter is returning this month, and Miss Jane Grose who lives in Surrey and is studying occupational therapy. She is also a very clever young needlewoman and a few years ago won the top junior prize at Queen Mary's School of Needlework.

An interesting family party comprised of three generations were Mrs. Stanley Duttson who is now over eighty and came up from Chudleigh in Devon, her daughter Mrs. Vaughan whose husband Major S. Vaughan is the British Resident of the Army training area in Germany, and her granddaughter Mrs. Moorton Fisher.

In our issue of July 21, a picture taken at the opening of the Chateaubriand Restaurant described Mrs. Danny Stone as Mrs. Leonard Jackson. We regret the error and extend apologies to both ladies.



Viscountess Cowdray, a vice-chairman, talking to Lady Ogilvy, deputy chairman. The ball is to help the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship



Miss J. Billing, Mrs. Colin Clayton, Mrs. Victor Durand and Mrs. Pascoe Heyward were other guests at Sir Alfred Bosson's house



Baroness de Rothschild and Miss Edana Remney, the film star. The ball is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on September 29

Tea On A Terrace In Carlton Gardens For "La Vie En Rose" Ball Organizers And Patrons



Mrs. J. Atkins, the judge, presenting the rosette to Master Dermot Begley, who won the silver challenge cup for the best thoroughbred yearling with his pony Vashti



Sir Cecil Walker (centre) with Mr. and Mrs. E. Farmer from Somerset, who were both judges in the hunter and children's pony classes at the show



Mrs. de Lacy Steedman with Major John Alexander from Co. Carlow and Mrs. Alexander, both former Masters of the Limerick hounds



The Marchioness of Kildare (right), daughter-in-law of the Duke of Leinster, with Mrs. R. M. Fanshaw, a prominent follower of the Kildare

EQUESTRIAN SKILL IN CLONMEL SHOW RING

THERE are no more enthusiastic spectators of a horse show, than are to be found on the annual occasion at Clonmel, Co. Tipperary. For two days it is a stimulating curtain-raiser to the more famous Dublin event, and retains its popularity by the high standard required in all classes



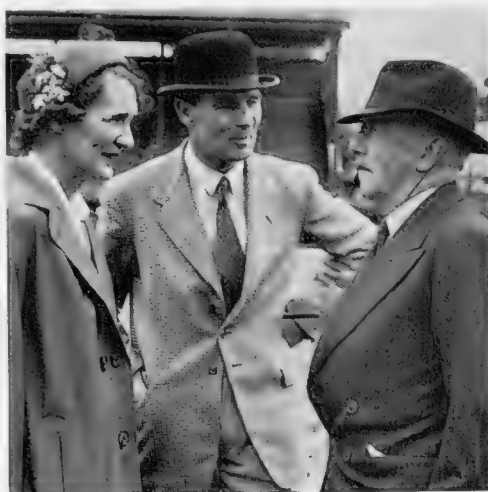
The O'Grady, from Bruff, Co. Limerick, with Lord Carew from Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, and Mrs. George Angel



Lady Langford after she had been awarded the championship of the show with her hunter, Munsborough. Wife of Lord Langford, Lady Langford is a well-known breeder



Mr. H. Sumner, C.B.E., of Droitwich, who was over to judge the hunters, chatting to Mrs. E. Glen-Browne who hunts with the United Hunt Club



Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H., Master of the Kilkenny with Mrs. McCalmont and Mr. Robin de Vere Hunt, a Waterford follower

AT THE RACES

Faultless Winner

• Sabretache •

WHILST every loyal subject of the Crown had all along been keenly anxious for a Royal victory in Ascot's richly endowed King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, and though Aureole had been top of the ante-post betting almost throughout, some people always had a lurking fear as to how he might comport himself, and this in spite of his faultless behaviour when he won the Coronation Cup, taking down the number of the greatly fancied Nearula.

It was, of course, a case of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," which in many instances is an unjust verdict. When, however, a horse once starts to do the "no thank you" trick the habit is difficult to break and sometimes impossible. A horse has a very retentive memory, and no doubt many people will be able to endorse this fact. How often, for instance, do we not see that a horse that has made a mistake at a particular fence on a particular course will repeat it.

Human beings are just the same. It is mainly a matter of confidence. Why does "A" hit up a century at a particular ground and get out for a blob at another? Some horses like Aintree; some are "beat" before the start by the mere sight of the fences.

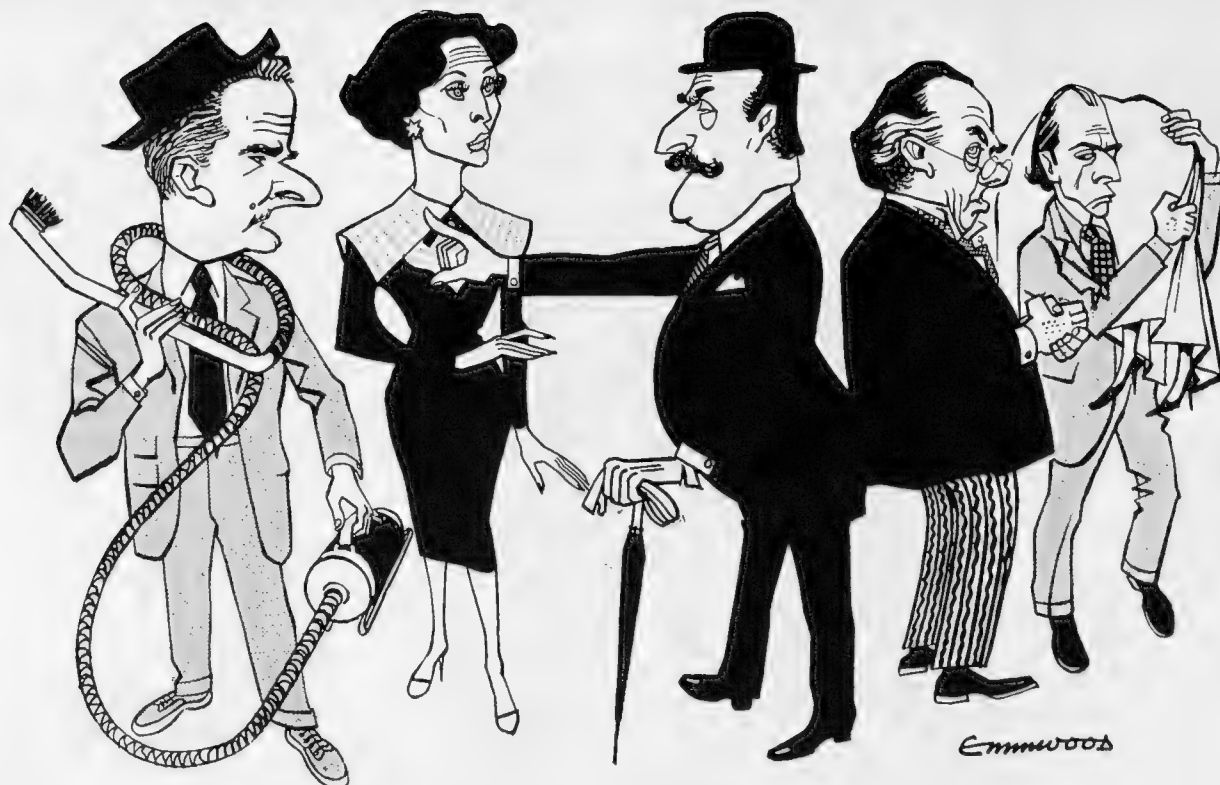
ON this recent occasion Aureole was on his very best behaviour and played a Captain's innings. He was close up to the firing line almost all the way and delivered the *coup de grace* at absolutely the right moment. Naturally everyone was delighted, not only because he was favourite but because he belonged to a gracious lady who enjoys an innermost place in the hearts of everyone. It was also a great triumph for the Queen's trainer Capt Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who never lost faith in Aureole. The rain, of course, beat Premonition! A horse's ears are very sensitive, almost as bad as a mule's!

THE quite premature death of Jack Anthony has been a cause of sorrow to literally thousands of people, intimate friends and otherwise. Though he rode three Grand National winners and performed in that race twelve times, even this is not a record. To win one Grand National takes a bit of doing. The absolute record is held by G. Stevens who won it five times, and rode in the race fifteen times.

Black Tom Oliver won it three times, was second three times and rode in nineteen; Arthur Nightingall and Ernest Piggott each won it three times, and J. Page and Percy Woodland had two winners each; but Tom Oliver, who from all accounts was likewise a bit of a humorist, still holds the record which is probably unbeatable. In more recent times we have had Brian Marshall's two winners—including this year's Royal Tan.

The greatly increased speed at which this race is run makes any modern performance more meritorious because, naturally it increases the risk. Furlong for furlong the National is run almost as fast as the Derby, and further there is this: no horse in the Derby can carry more than 9.0, whereas the average in the Grand National must work out at something nearer 11 stone. There is also the difference in the distance, one and a half mile as against about four and a half, to say nothing of the muscular effort of jumping the big fences. A Grand National winner therefore gains more medals than a Derby one, and needs at least ten times the courage.





DESPITE HIS TRAINING as a salesman, William (Brian Reece) assisted by Ann (Joy Shelton) is unable to Reg Willoughby-Pratt (William Kendall) the idea that skulduggery is going on behind his back—the bodysnatchers being played by Duncan Lewis and Patrick Cargill

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmuwood

At the Theatre

"Meet A Body" (Duke of York's)

WE must have been an easygoing people in the thirties. At any rate, we seem not to have minded if pieces which had not the hardihood to claim that they were either particularly funny or particularly thrilling tried to make the best of both worlds by the comfortable device of calling themselves "comedy-dramas."

Now apparently we do mind. There has been a sharp tightening up of the unwritten rules, a sharp decline in the number of comedy-dramas that take the stage. *Meet A Body*, produced during the war under another title, describes itself as "an improbable adventure." It belongs in spirit to the thirties, telling a disconcertingly naïve story of attempted murder and depending on the amiability of Mr. Brian Reece and Miss Joy Shelton to gloss over situations which are surprising rather than thrilling and facetious rather than comic.

The amiability of both survives the test, but we cannot help feeling that they will be seen to even greater advantage when the obvious film possibilities of the story come to be realized.

MR. REECE is the cheerfully incompetent salesman arriving by appointment to demonstrate the complicated virtues of a vacuum cleaner. He has arrived at the wrong house, which is not surprising since he is a dreamy sort of chap and all the houses in the neighbourhood are exactly alike except that they have different names on the boards swung above the porches. The man in the house makes a considerable fuss about the intrusion. He is almost violent when Mr. Reece, seizing opportunity by the forelock, uncoils his machine and proceeds to make an unholy muddle of the unsolicited demonstration.

This tendency to violence, to say nothing of the man's unpleasant appearance, rouses Mr. Reece's suspicions. He may know little about vacuum cleaners but he has an adventurous nature and a hawk-like eye for anything resembling a clue. His suspicions are not allayed when the man impatiently leaves the house. They are increased by the appearance of a woman who is obviously the householder. She is attractive (for she is Miss Shelton) and she is civil, but she makes it clear that he has come to the wrong house. Nothing daunted, the salesman sets his machine in motion with dire consequences, and

while he is putting the contraption back into the box she goes out to do a little shopping.

ALL this is comedy shot through with the comedian's suspicions of a foul play. Now he happens to lift the lid of the grand piano and out falls a woman's arm. He peeps timorously in, and there is the body. This discovery puts him into a regular confuffle, but his detective's instinct works through to show him that the woman must have been decoyed to the house, there to be murdered by the violent man with the unpleasant face. At once he realizes that the name board above the porch must have been changed. "Little Holme" has become "Karachi," and the substitution explains his own presence.

So off to the real "Karachi" goes Mr. Reece, and no sooner has he gone than the dead woman steps out of the piano and settles down to make up her face. Sensation, and the curtain falls.

The rest of the story preserves much the same serio-comic tone, and the authors, Mr. Frank Launder and Mr. Sidney Gilliat, never exert themselves unduly to explain events. Mr. Reece finds in "Karachi," the house next door, a genial little man who doubtless has his reasons for getting a myrmidon to get rid of the lady who has been decoyed to "Little Holme."

HIS chief reason for existing, however, is to provide Mr. Reece with the suspicion that he plans to kill some important political personage by setting a time bomb at a seaside hotel.

Mr. Reece and Miss Shelton, who have by this time established extremely friendly relations, set off for the hotel at breakneck speed, but before they have traced the whereabouts of the bomb they make themselves a confounded nuisance to the V.I.P.

The subject of their anxiety is a pompous old fool admirably played by Mr. Lloyd Pearson and is so breathlessly engaged calming the misgivings of a timid secretary who has come down with him for a quiet weekend that the possibility that he may be blown to pieces by a bomb is the last thing to cross his flustered mind.

Well, well! . . .



SIR GREGORY UPSHOTT
(Lloyd Pearson) brings
weighty dignity to a
vexing problem



Swabe

TWO YOUNG GARDENERS AT A CHELSEA SHOW

PRIMROSE and Marguerite are two of the three young daughters of the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, and nieces of Lord Luke of Pavenham. They are here putting a burst of sunshine to good effect by investigating the progress of flowers in the garden of their home in Chelsea Square. Marguerite appears dissatisfied: "They should be up to here." Her elder sister is not quite so optimistic, but still thinks they could have done a little better.



SIR ROGER STEVENS, C.M.G., British Ambassador to Persia, is here with Lady Stevens entering the Embassy at Teheran from its beautiful garden. Sir Roger, who entered the Consular Service in 1928, was Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office from 1948 to 1951, when he became Ambassador to Sweden. He was appointed to his present post last December, and received a knighthood this year



THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY leaves Lythe Parish Church, near Whitby, with his daughter, Lady Lepel Sophia Phipps, while the Marchioness carries the newly-christened Constantine Edmund Walter, Earl of Mulgrave. Sir Winston Churchill was a godfather by proxy

Talk Around the Town

THE horse may have been scared off the roads and out of the farmyards but its reign as an aristocrat seems far from ended.

If one were asked what was the dominant feature of the summer's social calendar the answer would surely be the number of horsey events.

There was the magnificent Royal Show at Windsor, well worth the price of admission for its pageant of historic equipages alone—a really beautiful sight. Then take in the trials at Badminton, the Royal Tournament and the vastly successful International Horse Show and you get some measure of the horse's popularity.

I cannot recall any time when the names of riders were—as they are to-day—as well known as film stars.

Miss Pat Smythe and Col. Llewellyn are now as one with Stanley Matthews, Hutton and Zsa Zsa Gabor in the public eye.

Has the certainty of the Queen's presence on every possible equine occasion got something to do with it? Undoubtedly; but some of the public's new-found interest must surely be a reaction against the mechanised ugliness of so much to-day.

It is a new-found interest. I can recall when, in the supposedly prosperous days before the war, the International Horse Show was an ailing child among the big seasonal events. That it should attract a crowd of some 40,000 to the White City would have seemed fantastic.

SOME people are sorry to see the calendar of these summer occasions following closely the Edwardian pattern, with events so packed together.

Many people have not the time—let alone the money—to enjoy more than a couple of fixtures, and feel that they might well be more spread out.

September is a beautiful month by the weather record—far finer than treacherous

June. And autumn is left largely to itself.

There is another point against so much being staged within so few weeks. Visitors from abroad arriving in August and September find no famous event to attend. Cathedrals, country mansions, Changing the Guard and Westminster Abbey are admirable in their way but apt to pall.

Two Americans I met casually over a drink also seemed anxious to have a night or two out in London to recover from their wives' cultural enthusiasm. "A good floor show . . . we don't mind seeing beautiful girls."

I had little enough advice to give them—except to take an evening plane to Paris and fly back at dawn.

THE English male has really never given up his faith in the day coming when the horse will supplant the automobile—or so his dress continues to suggest.

The hacking-jacket has always been in fashion, and the current vogue for drain-pipe trousers is less "Edwardian" than equine. Such trousers were (and are) worn by trainers and such, with straps holding tight under the shoes. Very dignified and lordly.

The two to three small pockets on the jacket imply I know not what; but on the matter of coloured waistcoats much could be written.

One may stroll to-day from Burlington Gardens into the Burlington Arcade and emerge at the Piccadilly end with a feeling of astonishment that not a horse or a groom is in sight, such is the effect of window-shopping in that cosseted promenade.

★ ★ ★

SIR THOMAS DUGDALE'S retirement from the Ministry of Agriculture was revealed in a speech which scarcely one paper could resist calling "dramatic." He kept the news until the end.

When I came to read the speech in *Hansard*, the final lines seemed very tame, but, having no knowledge of Sir Thomas's delivery, I could not say how they sounded. That is the trouble with *Hansard*, one which the radio has revealed: what was the speaker's voice like? Most of us by now can translate Churchill in print into Churchill in speech, with the correct nuances and rhythms.

At one time I could read President Roosevelt's speeches in the same way.

But how many other distinctive speakers make any impact?

The good actor can declaim the dullest line and make it pregnant with drama, even

CONTAGION

The meanest flower that blows can be
A gauge of grave disparity—
My strength is as the strength of ten
But Brown's biennials bloom again.
What agony it is to spy
His runner beans that rake the sky,
Or watch Brown rear without disease
Wagnerian-proportioned peas. . . .
Green-fingerless, disgruntled, I
Must dig with Brown—until I die.

—Jean Stanger

• • •

if it loses all sense. They say that Shakespeare's "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well" is capable of a record number of interpretations.

One of the best curtain lines in melodrama was in Hall Caine's *The Christian*, when William Barrett stepped forward and cried: "O God, put back thy universe and give me yesterday!"

I am told by one who heard Barrett that he delivered this crisply and evenly, with no word emphasised.

★ ★ ★

THIS is the sort of ballet that Diaghilev came to Western Europe to save us from," wrote one critic of the seemingly unwanted *La Esmeralda*, now being danced by the Festival Ballet.

The term "Western Europe" was always being associated with the activities of Diaghilev as if to emphasize contrast, and I put it down to the look of the man, which, let alone Western, was not even of Eastern Europe, but seemed like the death-mask of some Mongolian brigand of artistic persuasion. It was impassive to such a degree that he could carry on a conversation without appearing to move his lips, just like an Oriental villain on the films.

It was in 1909 that he first arrived in Paris, with the hired opera and ballet company of the Czarist theatres pepped-up to his taste. He was soon to have his own company, but in the early days it was the Government troupes, on their vacation, that he brought.

All this comes to mind because twenty-five years ago this month Serge Diaghilev the wanderer, the man whose only home was carried in baskets, or in rolls of scenery, died in Venice.

His funeral must have been impressively theatrical. He was buried on an island in the Lagoon, the cortège made up of gondolas which, being painted black anyway, fitted perfectly the picture.

The Richard Norton who died the other day as Lord Grantley had a vein of fantasy that was often Orwellian.

One of his prophecies was that sooner or later we must reach a stage when everybody has been promoted out of the productive class to white collars, so that everyone sits at desks and sells—at crazy distribution costs—goods which don't exist because there is no one left to make them.

He may have come on this thought while strolling through Mayfair and watching the efforts to convert every building, no matter how unsuitable, into "offices." Failing, of course, the erecting of a whole new building for office workers.

The people who come out best in the fight for office space (as one might expect) are the banks, who are pin-pointing the West End, in particular, with yet more branches, increasing their charges to the small customer as they do so.

★ ★ ★

BROWNING's line, "O to be in England now that April's here," is most often quoted now in a derisive sense by the disillusioned English. A companion line appeared as a caption to a cartoon the other day. This was Cowper's "England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

But Mr. Cowper is one up by anticipating the cynic, for he presently goes on:

... Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost.

Last week I printed some selected adjectives suitable for describing our weather. "Deformed" is a welcome addition.

A little lower down, you may recall, Cowper avers that he would not exchange our sullen skies for warmer France, with all her vines and golden fruitage, etc., etc. That is where I beg to differ.

★ ★ ★

TWO young friends of mine arrived for a holiday in Majorca. It was their first visit, and they were full of the excitement of travel and romance.

They had been given the name of a hotel described variously as "enchanted" and "just like having a villa of your own."

The taxi found the place some way from the town. It had a good position; it looked delightful. But even as they stepped out of the taxi they drew back in horror. A sign outside said: "A Pot of Tea As Good As Mother Makes."

The dream was shattered.

—Gordon Beckles



Thorburn

The 307 South Notts Hussars' Ball, Which Took Place at the Home of the Honorary Colonel

Col. T. P. Barber, D.S.O., the Hon. Colonel, with Mrs. Barber and Lt.-Col. A. A. Warburton, D.S.O., the Commanding Officer of the unit

Mrs. C. W. Cudemore, Mrs. E. Thorneloe, Mrs. Chaworth-Musters and Col. J. N. Chaworth-Musters, D.S.O., O.B.E., a Deputy-Lieutenant of Notts

Mrs. J. H. Attewell was taking refreshments at Lamb Close, the home of Col. Barber, with Mrs. J. C. MacCallum and Mr. J. C. MacCallum



Mrs. M. F. Douglas-Pennant, Master of the Dartmoor, was about to take her entries into the ring for judging. With her was the kennel huntsman, C. Pengelly. It was the sixty-sixth annual show held at Peterborough

ROYAL SHOW HOUNDS TAXED THEIR JUDGES

THE largest entry of recent years was seen at the Royal Foxhound Show at Peterborough, and the quality was extremely high. The Duke of Beaufort's renowned pack dominated the Show, though it had to yield the cup for the best bitch to Braes O'Derwent. The Heythrop also did well gaining two firsts and a third



Earl Fitzwilliam, chairman of the Hound Show committee, was escorting the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester around the kennels



Mr. Alfred Weatherill was talking to Miss Sybil Smith and Lt.-Col. G. T. Hurrell, O.B.E., Agricultural Show judges



Mr. J. Gilissen (Royal Dutch Hunt), Misses M. and V. Wilson (High Peak Harriers), Col. P. H. Lloyd (Fernie) and Mrs. Lloyd



The Hon. Mrs. J. C. W. Mountjoy Fane, Mrs. V. Kingscote and Capt. Frank Spicer, Master of the Avon Vale, discussing a class



Supervising the stiffest examination a hound can have: the Ring Steward, Capt. Marcus Kimball, Joint-Master of the Cottesmore, and the judges, Lt.-Col. N. P. Foster, Master of the Grafton, and the Duke of Northumberland, Master of the Percy



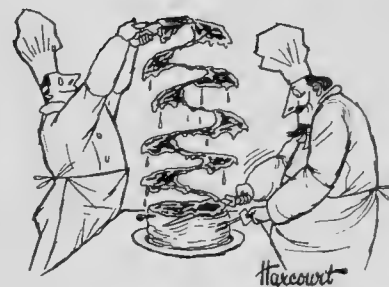
Miss Alyson Glover and Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, M.F.H., were checking their lists of entrants



Mrs. R. E. Field-Marsham, a lady vice-president, with Mrs. Ronald Wallace, wife of the Heythrop M.F.H.



Mrs. G. A. Cowen, Miss Josephine Cowen, Mrs. D. J. Cowen and Major D. J. Cowen were in confident mood as they waited for the judges' award in a class in which they were interested



DINING OUT ABROAD

The Danes Like a Flourish

COPENHAGEN—The popular fancy is that Danes live on those opulent little piles of various foods (crammed on slices of rye bread) known as *smorgasbrod*, washed down with fiery *schnaps*—the Scandinavian form of vodka.

The truth is that, although visitors do and can live on *smorgasbrod* from novelty, Danes are gourmets in the conventional sense. And they love good "presentation" of food. I have seen a secretary having her supper (at about six o'clock) being served with enough platters and covers for a Lord Mayor's banquet. Sometimes the food looks even better than it tastes.

Anyone by themselves is probably reading a book to pass away the half-hour or so before even the simplest dish is made ready. You must have patience in Copenhagen—but then, it is a place easy to have patience in.

Another mild defect is that, although so many Danes speak English, their menus are usually kept to Danish, and the visitor must have recourse to a phrase book, or worry through. One restaurant gets over this difficulty by giving coloured reproductions of dishes on the back of the menus. This one is—

FRASCATI'S (Town Hall Square). First-class international cooking and a busy *terrasse* outside. Here you may sample the Danish love for being seated comfortably in restaurants, and with enough space to eat. Around here are the COQ d'OR, not particularly Danish, but very "West End" good, and the VIKING. Not to be missed is the DE 7 SMA HJEM (Seven Small Homes) which, although touristy, should not be missed. FISKEHUSETS and KROGS are both specialists in sea-foods, in which Denmark abounds. One favourite dish is a pile of smoked salmon with spinach.

As far as Copenhagen goes, the problem of where to dine can be solved in the easy way by going to the celebrated TIVOLI pleasure gardens, where among the score of resorts are at least two to be commended: BELLE TERRASSE and DIVAN. But you can inspect them for yourself, through the windows. A mile away is the rival centre of Copenhagen, the Kongens Nytorv, with its own crop of restaurants, grills and bars. The ANGLETERRE dominates the attractive square.

Visitors should make a point of taking the road running by the seashore to Elsinore, with more than one big restaurant on the way. At Elsinore there is a large music-and-dancing resort which has the only licensed casino in Scandinavia.

Food is about the same as England in cost, spirits slightly more, and if you don't like lager you had better stay at home. The good points are: cleanliness, wide variety of *smorgasbrod* (a fried egg on a minced raw steak?), and an air of great good nature.

—I. Bickerstaff



MME. CLAUDE DE MANDROT is one of the most attractive members of cosmopolitan society in French Switzerland. Her husband is the son of Mme. and M. Leon de Mandrot, owner of the picturesque Chateau d'Echichens sur Morges, near Geneva, while her father, Mr. Steven D. Zagorski, has just been appointed Attaché to the U.S. Embassy in Vienna

F. J. Goodman

Priscilla of Paris

The Brass Sounded Like Foghorns

FROM THE ISLAND: An amazingly damp National Holiday! The flags flopped, the fireworks fizzled, the blue and red of *Monsieur le Maire's* tricolor sash ran into the white, the Postmaster—who wore his best blacks complete with topper—carried a regrettably unheroic-looking umbrella, the drizzle had a deplorable effect on the once crisp muslin caps of the pretty Sablaises from the sardine factory, and the brass instruments of the local band sounded like foghorns.

Nevertheless the fall of the Bastille and the advent of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality were fêted, once the official speech-making came to an end, with the usual

dancing, wine and song . . . but under cover. So much for the Island. One almost regretted Paris where, during the military pageant that unfurled its impressive progress down the Champs Elysées, the skies were merely grey, not wet.

No letters or newspapers on National Holiday! But we got our news all the same. It came per *papa-service*. The *petit-pères*, the *papas* and the *mon-pères* all come down for the fête-days and week-ends. The *petit-pères* belong to the cuddly youngsters, the *papas* belong to every kind of child, the *mon-pères* are owned by the rather snooty sort that are a little too big for their boots. The *petit-pères*

and *papas* arrive by road; if they come by train their shamed families do not mention the fact. The vehicles that they use for transportation are numerous, ranging from "flivver" to "Advertisement-space-to-let."

One very young *papa* pilots a scooter and does 600 kilometres on it every week-end. His pretty little wife is even younger and the family is still tied up in a woolly bundle. I knew them both when they were still W.B.'s themselves. The *mon-pères* have the sort of cars that either spell riches or bluff. Some of them even have chauffeurs. We despise them but they give the snooty brats and their *ma-mères* a lot to argue about. The brats discuss H.P., mileage and speed. The *mères* have a good deal to say about whether the chauffeur should wear breeches or trousers and whether tyres, in town, should be whitened or not!

It was from the youngest *papa*—who is Something-to-do-with-Politics—that we heard about the dinner given by Premier Mendès-France to the British and American delegates. The Y.P.'s revelations caused a certain amount of talk amongst the ladies (the same ones that worry about their chauffeurs' "breeks"). Their talk was not about politics, however, it was the menu of the dinner that they criticised.

*Melon Glacé,
Bar sauce Mousseline,
Poulet rôti aux haricots verts,
Salade,
Glace à la Framboise Fruits.*

In my opinion an excellent meal for a not too summery summer evening, but the ladies would have none of it:

It was all very well, they said, to keep caviare off the menu if only "to show" the Russians; but it was inconceivable that there should have been no truffles to toy with and that the salad was served without *foie gras*.

I LEFT them to argue it out and exchange rich and startling recipes and went home. I grilled some fresh sardines over a pine-needles fire built on the paving stones outside the kitchen door. Served with finely-chopped parsley, a squeeze of lemon, plenty of butter on the table and accompanied with small Island potatoes "in their jackets," it is a dish of which even Robin Adair would approve.

I have just seen his most recent cookery book, dealt with more fully on another page by my colleague Elizabeth Bowen. A book that, like Robin's own cooking, is good inside and out. I like its gay, orange-coloured jacket garnished with brilliant foliage, fruits and flowers, and the photographic illustrations within that show how the dish should look when finished. Robin Adair has the happy knack of explaining how these very delectable dishes are achieved, but as Napoleon once remarked: "*le plus court croquis. . .*"

Enfin!

● Between Dearest Enemies.

"I'm only a has-been!"

"Really, darling. Do tell me. What were you?"



Waiting for the water-ski boat were Countess Marco Fabio Crespi, Mr. Ronald Balcolm and Miss Lili Palmer



Strolling through the town were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Threlfall, who live at Surbiton, Surrey



On board the Hon. John North's yacht were Mr. Guy Bolton the playwright, Mr. D. Hicholson (captain), Mrs. Toby Rowland, and Mrs. Bolton



Stopping at Portofino on its way to Capri was the "Sylvia IV.," aboard which are Captain and Mrs. Peter Fair (left), and the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler

A HOLIDAY ON THE "LITTLE RIVIERA"

PORTOFINO, fairytale harbour on the Ligurian coast, has been having an excellent season, both with its regular holidaymakers, and as a port of call. Some visitors to this charming corner of the Mediterranean are pictured here



From Venice, on their way to Spain in the "Valrosa," were (sitting) Miss Valerie Maggioni, Contessa C. Brandolini, Contessa Luling Buschetti, Miss Jean Macdonald, Donna D. Luling Buschetti, Signorina C. Camerana. Standing, Contes Tiberto Brandolini, Toto di Collobiano and Luling Buschetti

R. H. Schloss

FLOODLIT ROSES FOR A DEBUTANTE

A DAMP evening was completely defeated by the party given at Great Cozens, Ware, Herts, for Miss Winifred Borthwick. The young guests danced in a huge marquee, and among the most admired effects was the floodlighting of the rose garden, an inspired and very successful idea. Jennifer gives an account of this good party on p. 188



Mrs. Algy Borthwick, joint-hostess, in the hall with her cousin, Mr. Patrick Carrington



The young daughter of the house, Zara Butler Adams, shows her dress to her grandmother, Mrs. Bernard Baker



Mrs. D. Butler Adams and her god-daughter, Miss Winifred Borthwick, for whom the party was given, were framed in a natural garland of climbing roses as, from a window, they gave a greeting to some of the later guests



Summer flowers decorated the corner of the room where Sub.-Lt. Michael Powys Maurice, R.N., and Miss Rosemary Garside were talking to Miss Celia Farrant and Viscount Colville



Miss Patricia Bury, whose father, Sir... go to Madrid as...



Mrs. Tom Barr-Smith and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington were chatting with Mr. D. Butler Adams, husband of the joint-hostess



Before the fireplace in the drawing room, Mr. Richard Capstick, Miss Caroline Barr, Miss Patricia Fane and Mr. Christopher Thompson



Mr. Shaun Bealey was fixing Miss Virginia Estcourt's bracelet soon after they arrived at the party



Some amusing sidelights on Oxford life were being given by Mr. Martin Wedgwood of Trinity College to Miss Jacqueline Wingfield, while they sat out one of the dances



Louis Mallet, is shortly to assador



Mr. Nigel Symonds-Jones and Miss Caroline Braby watched an eightsome reel as they drank champagne



Asking the band leader for their favourite tune were Miss Pru Blakiston-Houston and Mr. Peter Highton. Dancing went on until early in the morning



"... in command of only two resident husbands."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

NO tribute to the celebrated Mrs. Woodhull graced the Women's Suffrage Pageant at Albert Hall some weeks ago, it seems, and we've been tactfully trying ever since to discover why.

La Woodhull, who seems to have been a large, aggressive, popeyed sweetheart resembling the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, was the American pioneer of women's emancipation in the 1860-70's who specialised in "the inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may"; settling down at length, nevertheless, to a serene domestic career in command of only two resident husbands. You'd think such a champion of women's rights would naturally be a principal figure in any suffrage pageant, but apparently the boys at Bigamy House, the Bloomsbury headquarters of the N.U.B., were ripe for conflict and threatening to picket the hall with a rival pageant depicting Brigham Young, the Mormon tycoon, setting a few selected wives to work on a rockery. "The bigamist case against Mrs. Woodhull," said an official, "is that this floozie usurped an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right exclusive to the master sex." He added incidentally that as a national outdoor sport bigamy is rapidly replacing cricket in the affections of the Race. "Weather-conditions don't matter to us," he pointed out.

Biff

STRONG girl concert pianists who finish a rough-and-tumble recital (we've seen them) by giving their exhausted Broadwoods a

vicious kick in the slats must have hung their tousled heads on reading Auntie *Times's* pointed tribute to a chap who showed "real feeling for his instrument."

This was Chopin's way. The trim, well-cared-for pianoforte preserved in his room at Valldemosa, Mallorca, testifies that when enraged (as frequently) by his art, Chopin took it out of George Sand, whose adjacent portrait so vividly recalls the famous horse, Black Beauty. Murmuring "*Voyons, petit cœur!*" the big girl merely lit another cigar and with one deft flick of a massive, velvet-trousered hip sent Chopin and his instrument skidding to the other end of the room. One knock per nocturne, one gathers from *Elle et Lui*, sufficed the tempestuous Pole. But Chopin's pianoforte was never cruelly handled, whereas Brahms's were regularly reduced to matchwood until the day he gave a lesson to a tall girl in grey silk from South Kensington named Dulcie Flowerdew, who said quietly "Please, no violence. No brutality. I believe in the Approach Beautiful."

"Ach, Gott!" said Brahms, dumbfounded. "The Approach Beautiful," said Miss

Flowerdew, delicately touching the keys, "is a necessary corollary, like the Home Beautiful, of the Life Beautiful. I believe that by treating it with real feeling, one's pianoforte is inspired to a new life of hope, joy, and service."

She then played a piece called "The Fairy's Wedding," which caused old toughie Brahms to break down. Before long he was ordering only one new pianoforte per week from Broadwood. "The Approach Beautiful makes the Turnover Lousy," said Broadwood between his teeth. And that, chicks, is how Love came to Henry Bessemer, inventor of the blast-furnace.

Mask

INEXHAUSTIBLY fascinated by the mystery of philately, we weren't unduly surprised to learn from an American magazine last week that the identity of the present owner of the famous 1856 British Guiana, valued at £20,000, is "one of the world's best-kept secrets."

Anonymity, we since discover, is fairly common among the big boys of philately, and is assumed either on account of imminent personal danger or, more often, a feeling of acute embarrassment. An alias may likewise be used, it appears from the celebrated Faunce-thorpe divorce-suit of 1885, which ended so abruptly with Lady Alicia's explanation in the witness-box of her midnight visit to the rooms in Albany of Sir Henry Rover, the well-known amateur philatelist.

MR. HOWL, QC: He asked you up to see his Blue Nicaragua?—Yes.

MR. HOWL: And you spat in his album and left immediately?—Yes, with a song in my heart.

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: What song?—A song, my lord, of gladness and relief. This man has a strange influence on women. His glittering eye hypnotised me. For days I would lock myself in my boudoir, sticking little bits of paper on other bits of paper with gum or paste. I could bear it no longer. I was going mad.

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: A spoiled butterfly if you will, Mr. Howl, but by Heaven! no soiled dove.

Suit dismissed, with costs. Sir Henry, taking the alias of "Dr. Livingstone," strove ineffectually to carry on his philatelic pursuits under Society's ban, gave up at length, and fled to Africa.

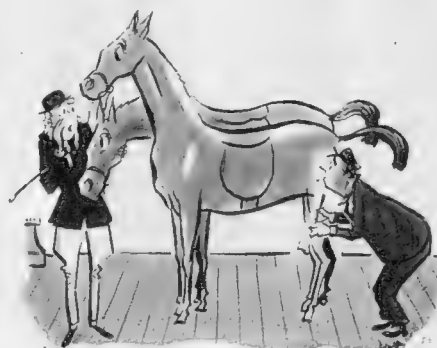
Mute

"IT'S up to you to carry me through," whispered a honey-blond show-jumping queen (*vide Press*) to her two horses when they arrived in London the other day from Canada. Her longfaced chums vouchsafed no reply. A Fleet Street boy was listening close by. Our guess is that these very decent quads didn't want to get him into trouble.

Big trouble, also, though we doubt if you sahibs can even begin to imagine the reaction of a news-editor to a scoop-story about two whispering horses. Historians of the Street of Adventure are apt to attribute this neurosis to the Talking Mongoose of the 1930's, for which we inky boys fell collectively with a bang. Grandmamma will tell you that the Talking Mongoose spoke six languages (including Flemish and Hindustani), sang nursery-rhymes, danced, and changed at will into a cat. Its name was Jeff and it regularly visited a farmer in the Isle of Man, but when the Psychic Research boys at last got on its track it took fright and melted into thin air, leaving behind it nothing more tangible than a High Court slander-suit. There was also the celebrated Singing Duck in a Cochran revue.

Afterthought

IT occurs to us now that the honey-blond's horses may have been simply expecting a kiss in an agony of dumb apprehension, like two frozen County cricketers. If these seeming horses actually had been cricketers, of course, there was a news-story there—five lines, bottom Page 8, next to Woofle and Goofle and Mrs. Drabshaw's rheumatics.



"A Fleet Street boy was listening close by."



After Miss M. K. Goss, the Principal, had shown the Duchess the library, she led the party to the Chapel, followed by the Duke, Col. E. G. L. Thurlow, chairman of the Governors, and Lord Hylton

AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL, Bath, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were visitors on Founder's Day. The School was instituted for daughters of Army officers in 1864



Mrs. M. E. Hamilton was going to the gymnastic display with her daughters Sally and Mrs. J. Steadman



Jill Viney joined Mrs. M. D. Yeoman and her daughter Judith, who took a part in the School play



Major and Mrs. B. W. Hughes were making their way to the tea marquee, led by their daughter Helen



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. Haynes with Patricia and Pamela Haynes, the latter in her stage costume

Morris

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"These paper plates seem more trouble to wash up than china ones"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AT the village concert, local talent was doing its best—and its worst in some cases. Mac's turn came, and he gave a bagpipe solo, and when the applause had died down, a voice from the hall shouted: "Give us Annie Laurie, Mac!" "What!" asked Mac, surprised and flattered. "Again?"

A RECRUIT was pulled up by an officer for not saluting.

"What do you mean by walking past me puffing a cigarette and making no attempt to salute?" demanded the officer.

Standing smartly to attention, the recruit replied:

"Sergeant-major said, Sir, never salute with a cigarette in your mouth, Sir."

SMITHSON called on his friend Jones for a chat, and while they were together, the visitor thought his friend was behaving strangely.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" he asked. "You seem to cringe every time you hear a car horn. Something wrong with your nerves?"

"No, it's not my nerves," replied Jones. "But last week a fellow ran off with my wife in a car, and now every time I hear a horn I'm afraid he's bringing her back!"

DURING the making of a moving picture the director was showing a visitor around.

They came across a parrot, and as they gazed at it, the director said:

"The bird is hired, of course, and we pay £25 a week for him."

One of the extras standing near by murmured sorrowfully:

"And I had to be born a human being!"

At The Pictures

SOUTH WITH
GINGER

Stanley Baker meets
the Beautiful Stranger,
Ginger Rogers

THE summer doldrums have fallen on the cinema this week. There is not a single epic to record. So I fall back on Miss Ginger Rogers and her film *Beautiful Stranger*. At least it takes us to the sunny South. And I hope I do not fall too hard, for Miss Rogers has a gusto and a warmth lacking in most of the film actresses junior to her.

It is her film. Miss Rogers and a young French actor and lawyer, Jacques Bergerac, had a romance recently in the South of France and are now married. It is undoubtedly more than a coincidence that in this film Miss Ginger Rogers plays an American ex-actress who falls in love with a young French artist, played by none other than Jacques Bergerac.

Regarded as a charming piece of fictionalised personal history the film will fascinate admirers of Miss Rogers, of whose number I am. By any other standards its merit is less obvious, although there is never a dull moment and a lot of skulduggery with smugglers, cops and corpses takes place before the happy ending.

You can guess my views on Miss Rogers. There are good performances from Margaret Rawlings and Stanley Baker, and a delicious portrayal of a small-time crook by Herbert Lom. Among these titans young Bergerac, with a handsome Greek profile, sturdily upholds the Left Bank.

I SAT through *Rendezvous de Juillet*, this week's French ration, patiently waiting for something to start. Nothing really did. There is a string of episodes concerning a group of very young and not very interesting Parisians, some of which were well done, but which were often irrelevant and together did not make a coherent film.

There is that excellent young actor Daniel Gelin and in so far as there is a story it is his effort to organise an African expedition with no resources and an irresponsible band of companions who attach more importance to amatory than scientific exploration. It is meant to be gay and inconsequential like *Edward and Caroline*, but falls short by far.

CANADA ranks high among the nations, in the documentary field, as three new subjects, privately shown last week, amply testify. They will be seen at the Edinburgh Festival, but public showings are as yet undetermined. Two of them are quite brief: *Mission Ship*, a telling peep at the medical service by a Vancouver hospital vessel that makes the rounds of the remote inlets of the British Columbia coast; and *Corral*, in which a sturdy Alberta rancher rounds up unbroken horses and triumphantly saddles and rides the wildest of them. At greater length is *Stratford Adventure*, a rather naïve but animated record of the inception and success of last year's Shakespearian celebration at Stratford, Ontario, when Tyrone Guthrie and Alec Guinness evoked much enthusiasm in the little town with its own Avon.

—Dennis W. Clarke



EILEEN HERLIE as she appears in a starring role in *For Better, For Worse*, the new Associated British-Kenwood production now completed in colour. This talented actress returns to the stage for the Edinburgh Festival, during which she is playing in *The Matchmaker*. Miss Herlie has recently been seen on tour in the Andrew Rosental play, *Sense of Guilt*



Mr. Jeffrey Robson drinking out of the singles cup. With him are Miss Judy Burke, Mr. Mark Otway and Mrs. Robson



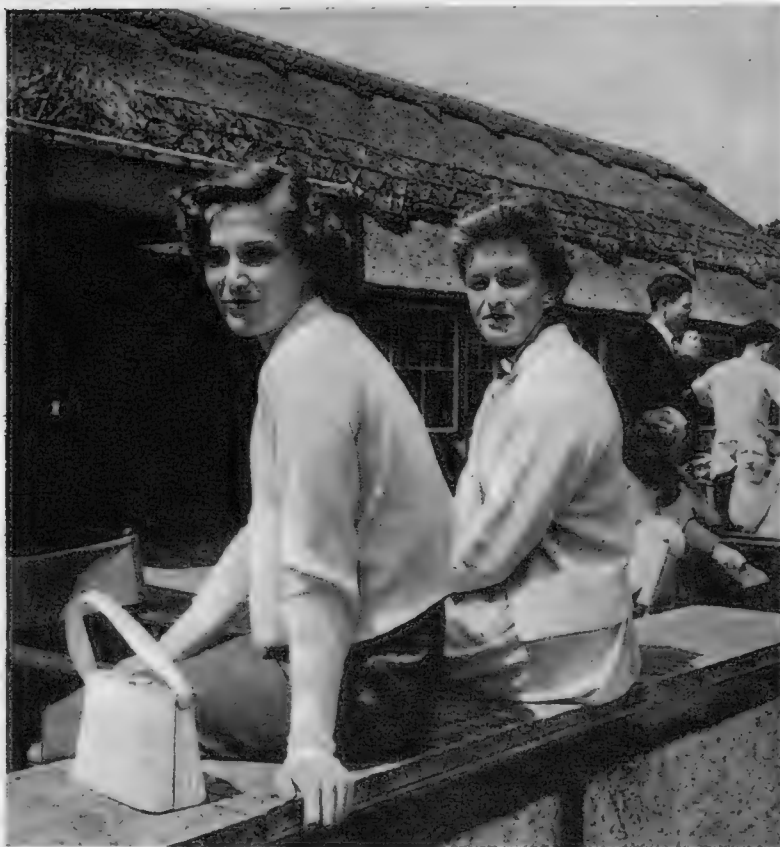
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burleigh and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Walker at the dance held at the club on finals day



Miss Billie Burke, of Australia, Mr. David Learmont, Miss Marion Boundy and Mr. John Ward enjoyed a game of croquet

NEW ZEALAND CAME TO FRINTON TO WIN ESSEX CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE 41st annual open lawn tennis tournament held at Frinton-on-Sea finished recently after heavy rain forced the club to abandon the doubles finals. The men's singles was an all-New Zealand affair and was won by Mr. J. E. Robson, who defeated Mr. J. A. Barry 6-2, 6-2. In the ladies' final Miss Ann Shilcock beat Miss Judy Burke, the Dominions champion, by the score of 6-3, 6-3



Enjoying one of the few brief spells of sunshine on the terrace at the club were Mrs. Francis Byrne and Mrs. J. Carter



Mrs. Ralph Currie, Mrs. Robin Tomkins, Mrs. John Clifford-Turner and Mrs. Eric Bland strolled across the lawn for tea

T. Anderson



MARGERY LAWRENCE'S new novel, "Evil Harvest" (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.), is a tale of the aftermath of Victorian repression. She has written sixteen novels, as well as poems and short stories, and filmgoers will remember the successful screen version of the book "The Madonna of the Seven Moons"

Rimis

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Italy With A Dash Of Vinegar

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA, by Edith Templeton (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.), enjoys three distinctions—it is the Book Society's non-fiction choice for this month, it is by a novelist of repute, and it is what Americans might, I think, describe as a personalised travel-book. The verb "to personalise" has not yet taken its place in British vocabulary, although the process may be at work; in America's (or see, at least, the advertisement pages of magazines) it has come to play an important part.

One personalises house-linen, wearing-apparel, book-matches, and any other objects required about one's life, by having embroidered, stamped or printed upon them one's monogram, or, better still, one's signature. And exactly this, I cannot but feel, Mrs. Templeton has done, for better or worse, to the six Northern Italian cities it was her privilege to visit, during an April which was, on the whole, fine.

CREMONA, Parma, Mantua, Ravenna, Urbino and Arezzo (this last being not northern, but well on to the way down) were the itinerary. The opening, Cremona, chapter is as enjoyable and brilliant a piece of writing as one could wish to meet in a month of Sundays, and the Parma opening goes exceedingly well. The remainder of the volume raises some questions—exactly what are travel-books for, in what mood does one undertake to write them, what mood is one in while one travels (alone, it has to be, often) in order to write them, and what impression does one wish to convey? Are they to be about oneself, and the feelings one has about the succession of

places one happens to be in; or are they to be about the places one is in, to which one happens to be reacting?

Darling Italy is, it is true, a poser. This European country, from top to toe, has been worked over and shuttled up and down, for more centuries than one would like to count, by a succession of travellers predisposed to record their impressions, be it only in letters.

EATEN tracks are, of course, still always possible to get off, and there are travellers who do so. To an extent, Mrs. Templeton has done so—the half-dozen small cities of her choice do, in these days, tend to be overshot by travellers in the grip of limited currency.

She did, one may hope, enjoy herself more than some of the pages of *The Surprise of Cremona* would allow to appear. She was—in spite of her aplomb and the personal charm which unmistakably emanates from her writing—more inclined to be rattled and become cross than the generation of travellers I remember: as against that, she was more conscientious. She saw many, many more sights than she could have wished, and engaged in many more conversations with local bores than, temperamentally, she was disposed to suffer. I cannot but hope, for their feelings' sake, that none of those bores will read this book, for nobody is more easily wounded than a bore; and some of these victims, one may be certain, gave of their best, dull as it was.

To say that some of Mrs. Templeton's views are tainted by over-self-confidence and something not too far short of vulgarity would be unfair—though I do, for her sake, rather regret her findings on the painter she calls by his Christian name only, Christian name

being Piero. This type's works, on the lighter plane, are at least quite enchanting as fashion drawings.

The Surprise of Cremona is, as a book, engaging, gay, brilliantly factual; and a store of legend and history is collected here, retold with a pleasing colloquialism. Mrs. Templeton tracked down some marvellous restaurants, whose names should be without fail noted. Do not let her deter you from visiting Urbino, which is in some small way slightly more than she says. As for the inhabitants of the country—well, Italians will be Italians, as we know. Also it should, I consider, be made clear that though I may have drawn upon American vocabulary in offering my opinion of this book, Mrs. Templeton is British, firmly.

COOKERY, as it should be, may be called a blend of realism and imagination. Robin Adair's *THE FOUR SEASONS COOKERY BOOK* (Macdonald; 15s.) takes into account things as they are, and at the same time stimulates high enterprise. Which is excellent: for years of "doing without" have, in some households, had the effect of restricting fancy and making dull the palate. One of the many merits of this book is that it allows for seasonal change; and, moreover, makes this a point of interest—one requires variety; and, all the year round, benevolent Nature does supply it.

Mr. Adair's culinary faith, as set forth here, is twice-over basic—he believes in the basic principles of great cookery, which in his Introduction he has expounded, and, in the savouring at its best of what is brought to us, new and fresh, by the coming round again of each British season.

It is, of course, possible these days to eat practically anything at all at every one of the times of year—thanks to the twentieth-century practices of either deep-freezing or flying-in. But, then, what monotony at the table! Mr. Adair envisages the spring lamb in its natural springtide, the early-summer vegetable unforced and flavorful from the garden, the fruit mellowed by true sunshine, the sea or fresh-water fish in those months when tides carry them near our shores or our rivers become lively with them. And his suggestions for the cooking of game (some of them, as he says himself, delicious rather than conservative) are no less in accord with the calendar. His winter dishes, though never bulky, supply what inner man requires as the temperature drops; and he has, we find, an inspired sub-section as to Christmas.

MR. ADAIR not only advocates and practises an at once sublime and intelligent form of cookery; he has taught it. And, having taught, he is well aware of difficulties likely to be encountered, and of wrong ideas to be broken down. He is able to demonstrate that to cook well does not necessarily take more time than to cook badly—all, indeed, is a matter of order, method and preparation. His introductory section gives us the ABC of these, drawing attention to equipment, the clearing of necessary space (however small), and the proper stocking of store cupboards. The cook needs ingredients and flavourings like the painter colours; and Mr. Adair sees no reason why these (most of them inexpensive) should not be kept in full supply: he also has clarifying notes as to the uses of wine in cooking. As, elsewhere, a section on the choice and serving of table wines.

This book is clear-headedly indexed and arranged. It should go equally to the young couple anxious to keep a civilised house, or to the veteran housekeeper willing to broaden gastronomic horizons. The suggestions for cocktail party foods should revive the weary, be it host or guest; and how good it is to be told point-blank how to make a delectable omelette—a thing which many of us imagine we can do, but few, alas, can. . . . Mr. Robin Adair was for years a partner of the late Marcel Boulestin, and is now the accredited food and drink expert of *The Field*.



ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Sonia Patricia Parkes, daughter of Major T. G. Parkes, M.C., and Mrs. T. G. Parkes, of Donyatt, Ilminster, Somerset, is engaged to Lt. Peter Cantan, D.C.L.I., only son of Col. H. Cantan and of the late Mrs. Cantan, of Tullow, Co. Carlow



Navana Vandyk

Miss Susan M. Staveacre, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Staveacre, of Colwyn Bay, has announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Constantine Smith, younger son of the Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Constantine Smith, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire



Tilzey, Yeovil

Miss Anne Sedgman, only daughter of Mr. John Newton Sedgman and Mrs. Sedgman, J.P., of Yeovil, Somerset, who is to marry Lt. Richard H. Lloyd-Williams, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. J. H. Lloyd-Williams, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland



EDGEDALE—NEWMAN

The marriage took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, between Capt. William Edgedale, The Life Guards, son of Mr. S. R. Edgedale, Q.C., and Mrs. Edgedale, of Field Lodge, Crowthorne, Berkshire, and Miss Mary Newman, eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Newman, of Stanners Hill Manor, Chobham, Surrey



HANMER—CONGREVE

Capt. John Wyndham Edward Hanmer, The Royal Dragoons, son of Sir Edward and Lady Hanmer, of Bettisfield Park, Whitchurch, Shropshire, married Miss Audrey M. Congreve, daughter of Major Congreve, of Tenbury Wells, Worcs, and Mrs. Iain Hilleary, of Bernisdale, Isle of Skye, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



BAILWARD—MANNING

Mr. Brian T. Bailward, son of Cdr. M. W. Bailward, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Bailward, of Zeals, Wiltshire, married Dr. Angela B. Manning, younger daughter of Mr. Brian Manning, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Manning, of Manor Fields, Putney Hill, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



MOSELY—GOLD

The wedding took place recently at the Chapel of the Savoy between Mr. David E. Mosely, elder son of Mr. George Mosely, of North Gate, London, N.W.8, and the late Mrs. Mosely, and Miss Celia Ann Gold, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Gold, of Brendon Street, W.1



HUTCHINSON—BARDELL

Mr. Robert B. Hutchinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hutchinson, British Embassy, Buenos Aires, married Miss Audrey (Kay) Bardell, daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Bardell and of Mrs. R. K. Bardell, of West Wickham, Kent, at St. Paul's Church, Frimley



THORNTON—MORRIS

The marriage took place at St. John's Church, Horsham, between F/Lt. David Thornton, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Thornton, of Malta, and Miss Bridget Ann Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Morris, of Billingshurst, Sussex

*John French*



Left: the detachable collar is worn as a basque round the waist. The stone-coloured peach-bloom velour hat costs 75s. 9d., the gloves, 14s. 11d. Above: suit without a collar. Notice the pretty line of grosgrain insertion which comes in a wide vee from shoulder to shoulder

Formal Occasion

THIS supremely elegant jumper suit is by Byroter. It is made of a thin black wool crêpe trimmed with black grosgrain. For rather formal afternoon wear, it has a big shawl collar which is detachable, leaving a slick straight suit to wear under a coat. It comes, with all accessories, from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and, priced at £12, seems to us one of the best buys we have seen for a long time

—MARIEL DEANS

MARIEL DEANS brings—

News from Cowes

TO the uninitiated, Cowes is a town entirely given up to the Royal Yacht Squadron, millionaires, yachting week and vessels such as Endeavour and the Shamrocks—a terrifying vista of brass-buttoned watch coats, white serge trousers and pleated skirts, with Osborne House and even Queen Victoria herself in the background. To those who live there, it is a small, friendly, ugly place with a narrow winding High Street that wanders up and down hill with sudden vistas between the houses of ships and water. Everyone who lives in Cowes or in the harbours round the island sails some sort of a boat and sooner or later they all meet at Morgans.

Morgans is quite unlike any other shop in the world. It is a village shop with a Bond Street flavour, a small-town store that has supplied yachting wear to every possible crowned head in Europe over the last eighty years, an old-fashioned establishment that sells up-to-the-minute sailing clothes as correct as they are gay. Everyone meets at this informal annexe to all the yacht clubs—to sit on the counter, gossip and smoke and sail their races over again. As some one said the other day—"Cowes is all Morgans and Uffa Fox!" The sailcloth and canvas clothes shown in the sketches on these pages are made at Bosham in Sussex by Bowker Brothers—a section of a group of companies offering every service to yachtsmen—fine sailmakers, they now dress the crew as well as the boat. All garments shown in the drawings are obtainable from Morgans.

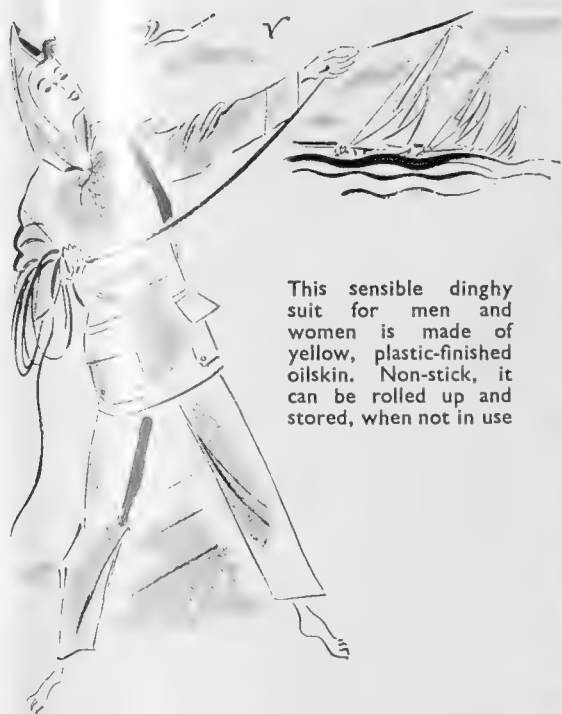
FAR left this woman wears a Breton-type canvas suit with an inside fixed gusset to keep out the spray. Proofed and very warm, it is made in all the brightest colours. Her companion is dressed in a blue proofed cotton duffle coat with scarlet-lined hood and white toggles. In the background one man is wearing a heavy, natural coloured oiled wool sweater whilst his friend has on dinghy sailing shorts made of sailcloth with a Dunlopillo padded seat! Catering bag and weekend kitbag are made in canvas to match the suits.



Elizabeth Wall



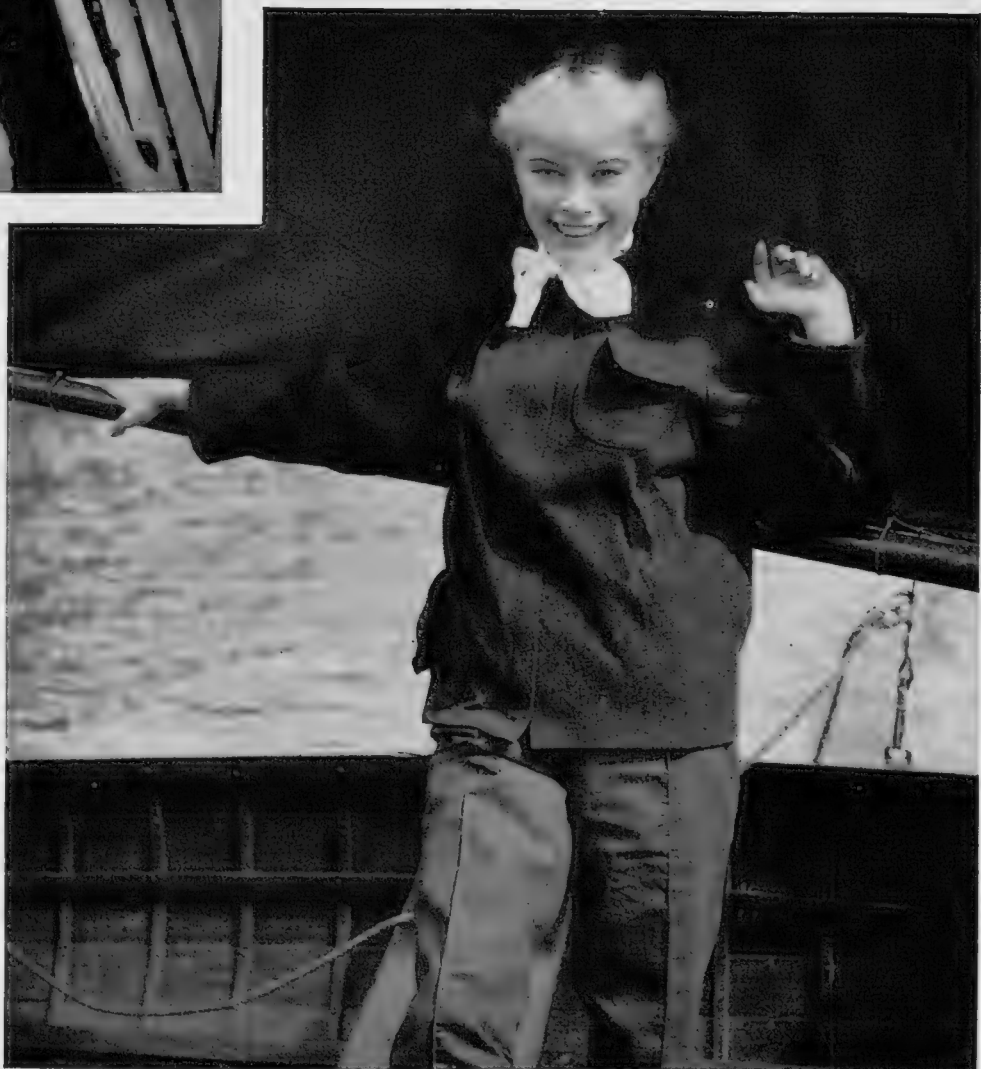
Gordon Lowe sell this very nice heavy white waffle piqué sweater with navy blue knitted ribbed collar and cuffs. It is worn with thick serge trousers



This sensible dinghy suit for men and women is made of yellow, plastic-finished oilskin. Non-stick, it can be rolled up and stored, when not in use



Jaeger's wide-necked ribbed wool sweater is shown here worn with fine cord trousers



Simpson's navy blue suede-finished cotton jacket, with a concealed zip-fastening front, is worn with scarlet denim trousers and a cotton neckerchief

John Cole



Wardrobe of Nylons

NYLON experts tell us we must shop for our stockings as carefully as we shop for our brassières and girdles. Know your size, leg-length and the denier and gauge for your needs, they say, and add that if we know what we want and are determined to get it, the stockings will be there. The nylon shortage will be virtually at an end by the autumn, and we can all be madly choosy!

THE danger is, that we have got so used to queueing for our nylons, to going into ecstasy over tiny gifts from abroad of pairs of the wrong size and colour that we are now completely indiscriminating! Manufacturers are, as you see here, bending over backwards to give us what we want, but how can their carefully graded nylons reach our legs if we take without criticism whatever we are offered?

THE COUNTRY-WOMAN. Try Kayser Bondor's Style 63c, a crimped nylon, 60 denier stocking, so elastic that only one foot size is made, which adjusts itself to all feet. "No-Run Sturdies" by Charnos are just coming on sale here after a big success on the export market. They combine crepe nylon and mesh knit to give warmth, great elasticity and ladder resistance. Finally, Martyn H. Fisher's "Newbury" and "Fontwell," "Newbury" is a lace crepe nylon that feels and looks like fine wool but wears almost for ever. "Fontwell," a cotton and nylon mixture, is another lace stocking specially designed for sport and country wear.

★ ★ ★

WOMAN AT WORK. For stints around house or garden, wear inexpensive circular knit nylons (not fully fashioned) such as Ballito circular knit, 30 denier, 50 gauge. These have an extra reinforced top and double reinforced toe, as well as extra heel splicing. Kayser Bondor's Style 19, a 30 denier, 45 gauge stocking, has a "Bend-Easy" expanding welt which makes for easy housework. Incidentally, this expanding welt is a joy to anyone with rather large legs. Circular knit nylons in their natural state naturally have no seams, but these are often added. Tip for those whose legs are not plumb straight—wear seamless stockings as much as you can. Stocking seams emphasize bandy legs!

★ ★ ★

EVENING DRESS. Last year we wore 15 denier, 60 gauge and felt we were wearing gossamer—this year we can wear 12 denier, 60 gauge and feel we have on no stockings at all. 12 denier stockings have arrived with a rush and some are already in the shops. By mid-autumn there will be many more. For the barely-there look try: Bear Brand's "Style 1266" made from 12 denier high twist yarn on a 66 gauge machine. Aristoc's "Mystique" 12 denier, 60 gauge with a third stocking in every pack to induce a

MORNING IN TOWN. All the following are excellent everyday stockings: Vayle's good-to-look-at but hard-wearing 30 denier, 51 gauge stockings. Aristoc's "Vidura," with 2 threads of 15 denier nylon combined in a special high twist to give a sheer appearance, resistance to snagging and strong wear. Charnos make 20 denier nylons (midway between 30 denier "sensible" and 15 denier "glamour." These they describe as round-the-clock stockings at once elegant and serviceable. Firefly's No. 151, a 51 gauge, 30 denier with a frame heel, is another hard-wearing stocking with an elegant look. Martin Fisher's "Camellia" is a good stocking for town.

★ ★ ★

AFTERNOON STOCKINGS. We are now reaching the finer and more fragile stocking groups. Bear Brand's "Style N.51" 51 gauge, 15 denier is a non-run stocking of mesh construction, fine and sheer, that looks good and wears well. Taylor Woods' new 75 gauge, 12 denier are, of course, evening stockings but we have found them so strong that we here and now recommend them for rather special afternoon occasions as well. Firefly's 60 gauge, 15 denier stockings are made in a particularly good colour range with an Attrax heel which they describe as a double silhouette outline. Vayle also make a 60 gauge, 15 denier style. Their stockings have a properly finished seam on both sides.

★ ★ ★

mood of confidence in the wearer! Ballito's 12 denier, 60 gauge reinforced with a double toe and with a high, narrow-fashioned heel-splicing that is very flattering to a pretty ankle. Kayser Bondor's latest edition to their range is a 12 denier, 66 gauge stocking. They also do a 15 denier, 60 gauge "Sandal-foot," with no heel or toe reinforcement, specially designed for wearing with open-work shoes and sandals. Charnos evening nylons—the 12 denier "Finesse" are the sheerest and most glamorous stockings in a glamorous range—try

TAKE GOOD CARE

WASHING HINTS. Luke-warm water and complexion soap is a fallacy as far as washing nylons are concerned. Water as hot as your hand can stand and any good detergent is the right thing if your stockings are dirty, otherwise just rinse them out in normal hot water every night after the day's wear.



Pink Mist, one of the nicest of their colours. Christian Dior stockings are made in 15 and 12 denier and a 60 or 66 gauge. These luxury stockings are made in wonderful colours chosen by M. Dior himself. Niké Nylons also have a 12 denier stocking made on a 60 gauge machine. At the moment of going to press Taylor Woods seem to be the only people with a 75 gauge stocking actually in the shops (and these restricted to a few of the best stores in the United Kingdom), but Vayle and Charnos are both promising 12-75s in the near future.



For those who, no matter where they are, like their comforts, the "Fourfold Table" is a boon and a blessing. Closed, it resembles a large suitcase. To open it up is a matter of seconds. There is no intricate assembling; it just unfolds, and in a jiffy, you have table, seats and all. The removal of two pins allows the seats to be used separately. Price £12 7s. 0d. (approx.). From Selfridges

Use the Sun!

IN co-operative mood as regards the weather, the shops are determined to help us make the most of the sun, however fugitive it may be. Great ingenuity has gone into all manner of merchandise designed for outdoor use at home, or for travelling by land, sea or air. The examples photographed here are chosen from a wide and exciting variety

—JEAN CLELAND



A new and luxurious kind of leather night-case cum bag, to hold money, passport, and overnight things. Price £12 1s. 6d. The distinguished looking French gloves shown with it are priced at 85s. 9d. Both may be obtained from Bourne & Hollingsworth



A hot cup of tea—or coffee—is indispensable on a journey, and you can ensure having it ready to hand with the compact cases shown here. One flask, in plastic cover case, with adjustable shoulder strap, £2 17s. 6d. Two flasks in leather case with strong handle, £5 19s. 6d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



With this neat and inexpensive little beauty case, you can "fly through the air with the greatest of ease." It has all the containers you need for beauty preparations, and has an airy lightness itself. Price 52s. 6d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



Dennis Smith

For a lazy afternoon in the garden, what could be better than this two-in-one "Easi-day" upright chair-cum-couch. For a snooze, you adjust as a couch, and when you want to sit upright, the readjustment is as simple as ABC. The arm-rests are detachable, and when not in use, the whole thing lies completely flat. Price of chair, 57s. 6d. Mattress in floral print, or in weatherproof fabric (green or orange), 22s. 3d. Obtainable from Fry & Cowell, 54-58 Ludgate Gardens, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

IN TOWN TODAY

THOSE who have been doing a dizzy round of balls and parties throughout the season report the return of the fan, which has been enjoying renewed popularity, both with débutantes and their chaperons.

How many of them, I wonder, know that in the sixteenth century ladies used their fans to convey messages to their beaux. Touching the top with the finger meant "I wish to speak to you." Placing it on the left ear meant "I wish to get rid of you." Brushing it across the cheek, was a silent way of saying "I love you," while drawing it through the hand, indicated "I hate you."

If the fan is going to be in vogue again, it might be as well to have some idea as to its various meanings, otherwise one never knows when complications may arise! In any case, it is an interesting subject, and those who would like to know more about it can do so in a delightful little booklet issued by Cussons of bath luxuries fame. The book is called *The Language of the Fan*, and can be had free by writing to Cussons of 84 Brook Street, London, W.1.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most compact little affairs I have seen for some time, comes from Woollands. Ideal for a weekend visit when one wants to take as little luggage as possible, this is a nail-brush, topped with a small holder (about the size of a lipstick) into which is packed nail file, a small bone implement for cleaning the nails, and a pair of tweezers. Into one side of this midget compactum is tucked a pair of scissors. What more could you want for 10s. 6d.?

★ ★ ★

THE many people who use Max Factor's Creme Puff may like to know that the *maestro* has now produced an attractive gilt compact, into which refills can very easily be put in and taken out. The compact, complete with Creme Puff, costs 25s. and can be had from most well-known stores.

★ ★ ★

ARE you in search of an original present to give to a boy or girl? If so, you can ensure enduring popularity with a "bicycle clock." This has a chrome case, luminous figures and hands, and a second dial. It is fixed to the bicycle with a screw adjustment in the same way as a bell, and costs only 19s. 11d. from Selfridges.

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of children, who are for ever falling down and cutting themselves—if those I have had to do with are anything to go by—take note of a new plastic "Band Aid." This provides protection from water, oil, dirt, grease, petrol and acid. It will not fray, and has an all-way stretch that makes it lie very smoothly on the skin. It is flesh-coloured, and so thin as to be practically unnoticeable. It should appeal, too, to grown-ups who, from time to time, may be in need of inconspicuous first-aid wear under nylon stockings. Obtainable from all good chemists.



Jean Cleland in an apprehensive (yet hopeful) mood advises on—

How To Keep Cool On Hot Days

WITH one eye cocked at the weather, which, at this moment, is weeping steadily, not even stopping to wipe its eyes and blow its nose, I hesitate to write on the subject of how to keep cool on hot days, in case you flick over the page with a disgruntled "Don't be silly." As a friend said only yesterday, after being recommended by her doctor to spend a week-end in bed and sleep as much as possible, "I'm frightened to do that you know, in case I miss the summer altogether"

NEVERTHELESS, joking apart, hot weather we hope, is on the way, and if the law of averages is anything to go by, it should be here any minute now. When it *does* come, there will no doubt be plenty of people going around drooping and flopping, saying, "Oof, isn't it *hot*."

The art of keeping fresh and cool is a fragrant one which starts in the bathroom, and the mere *sound* of the names given to various bath luxuries, let alone the delicacy of the scent, helps one to start the day in an aura of spring-like freshness. Cusson's "Blue Hyacinth," "Lilac Blossom," "Linden Blossom," etc. (in which the soap has been newly tinted in pastel flower-like colours),

Floris's "Honeysuckle" and "Jasmine," and Coty's "Muguet des Bois," just to mention a few, are all good examples that can be relied upon to give a soft lingering fragrance.

PERFUMED Colognes are becoming more popular day by day, and are now available in an ever-increasing variety. Sprinkled into the water, or rubbed on after the bath, they have not only a cooling, but a stimulating effect on the body. The erstwhile objection put forth by some people, that Eau-de-Cologne *au naturel* conflicted with their own perfumes, has now been overcome by Colognes being matched up to different scents. Many of the well-known makers do this, and among those I have found delightful are Guerlain's "Atuana," Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass," Goya's "Orange Blossom," Revillon's matching Cologne to go with their lovely "Four Vents" perfume, and Yardley's "April Violets," "Lotus" and "Bond Street."

Lavender is another scent that brings a feeling of cool refreshment, and before we leave the bathroom, I must tell you of a new Lavender bath essence, made by Field's, which they tell me is stronger and more economical than Lavender water, and sells at the very reasonable price of 3s. 6d. Young people who cannot afford to spend too much on their bath luxuries will, no doubt, be pleased to hear of this. To go with it, Field's make a Lavender talc, containing a new deodorant which is a tri-chlorinated salicylanilide. This is very pleasant and effective.

To be really successful, and ensure complete safety—as the makers themselves are the first to admit—talcs of this kind should be used in conjunction with a good deodorant. The latest one, called "Etiquet" (made by the Lehn and Fink group of companies) is already immensely popular in the United States. This is really a cosmetic deodorant with a vanishing cream base which disappears quickly, leaving the skin beautifully smooth and silky. It costs only 2s. 6d., and ensures lasting protection for twenty-four hours.

For refreshment during the day, nothing is more effective than a touch of perfume, which nowadays can be easily carried in the handbag, in solid form. The latest to come on to the market are three crystallized perfumed Colognes made by Yardley, to go with their "Bond Street," "Orchis" and "Freesia" scents.

To keep a cool head is a good maxim on a hot day. If one has been wearing a hat, the hair often looks lank and heavy when the hat is taken off. A little ordinary Eau-de-Cologne, sprayed all over the head, followed by a quick comb-through, is a simple and refreshing way of bringing it to life again. The slight dampness, too, makes it easy to press the waves into place and give the head a speedy re-set.



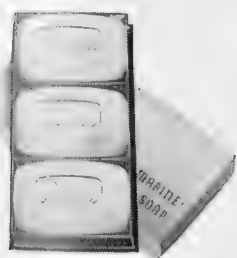
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THE FIRST U.S. JET AIRLINER prototype, the Boeing 707, seen on its 1 hour, 24 minutes initial flight, high over the Puget Sound island country on its way to Boeing Field, Seattle. Military uses are visualized for it, in addition to its commercial rôle of carrying from 80 to 130 passengers

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Comet Jigsaw Must Fit

SURPRISE has been expressed that the Royal Aircraft Establishment has made no statement on the newspaper reports about the Comet accidents. Those reports, it will be recalled, spoke of fatigue of the fuselage from the continual "working" of the pressurized part. They appear to be a likely explanation; but I can understand why the R.A.E. is still reticent.

If the explanation is the true one, it will affect not only the Comets, not only turbine-engined aircraft; but all aircraft that fly high and have large pressurized cabins for passengers. In short the conclusions on the Comet accidents may be of importance to the whole of air transport.

Now it is likely that the newspapers *have* found out the primary facts. It is likely that the R.A.E. *has* contrived to produce failures which resemble those of the Elba and Naples accidents; but no sane technical man is going to risk making a final pronouncement without having every piece of evidence in place. The experimental failures must be matched, detail by detail, with the real failures. It is not only the British aircraft industry's status which is at stake in this, but the whole country's technical reputation. So there must be no hurrying; no pressing for early answers. Let the R.A.E. have time and its report will be a model of what such things should be.

Meanwhile the United States moves forward

to take over the British pioneering effort in the field of jet-driven transport aircraft. The first flights have been made with the Boeing 707 and judging from the official photographs it is a splendid machine. The four jet engines are Pratt & Whitneys and they are mounted in pods in accordance with the American preference. These engines are rated at 4,500 kilograms thrust each against the Rolls-Royce Avons of the Comet III at 4,300 kilograms (9,500 lb.). All-up weight of the Boeing will go up to 86 metric tons, a good deal more than the Comet I but not much more than the later mark.

COMPARISONS have been made in the American papers between the Boeing and the Comet, and it is proper to make comparisons. But the Boeing which has just flown should be compared with the Comet III which has also just begun its flight trials and not with the Comet I, which has done thousands of hours of service. A correct comparison does not indicate any particular "superiority" of one aircraft over the other; but the two are different and it will be interesting to see which proves the better in service.

THE international gliding competitions will be nearing their end when these notes are in the press, and by the time they appear we shall have the results. The British chances seem good at the time of writing. We have some first-rate sailplane pilots and we now have some excellent aircraft. But the

opposition is strong, for the cost of producing a sailplane for competition, although high, is not so fantastically high as the cost of producing a powered aeroplane for competition. Consequently there are many entrants.

Soaring flight is a strange sport and, although I have personally not engaged in it, I can appreciate the satisfaction it can bring. And the competitions should yield some fine photographs, for there is no better subject than a sailplane, with its slim, high aspect ratio wings, when it is posed against a background of massive cloud.

FURTHER correspondence has reached me about licensed and unlicensed, certificated and uncertificated free balloonists or aeronauts. My friend Geoffrey Dorman has, I think, indicated the reason why different views are held on this subject. Some say there is only one fully qualified balloonist today in the British Commonwealth, Mr. Long, who made the ascent at Baginton. But it is equally true that there are many people who hold aeronauts' certificates which have never been cancelled.

So it seems that there is, in fact, only one licensed and practising balloonist in the British Commonwealth today; but there are many people who hold aeronauts' certificates. I will leave it at that and trust that the susceptibilities of my correspondents will be smoothed over. In any event it was a great pleasure to see the old balloon sailing into the sky at the Coventry meeting.

ONE more subject concerned with that meeting has been discussed in letters I have received. It concerns the future of the King's Cup air race. One correspondent, a pilot of long experience, who has also acted as one of the chief Royal Aero Club officials, at most of the important meetings for a number of years, points out correctly that it is no use devising new formulas for the King's Cup race if private flying is so expensive and so regulation-ridden that few people can afford to take part in it and none can afford to risk blowing up their engines and aircraft in a really strenuous contest.

That is, I feel, the real trouble. We have allowed the Government to obtain a stranglehold on private and club flying. They obtained it, as they often do, under the cloak of "public safety." But people in aviation ought to have appreciated that the way in which governments make a thing safe is to stop it, or to come as near stopping it as they dare. There are no outcries nowadays about the dangers of private flying and the reason is that there is almost no private flying, not that Government regulations have reduced its risks.

THE negative approach of Ministers and their officials to all aeronautical activities is deplorable. It is now difficult to appreciate that there was a time when Great Britain led the world in private and club flying. Regulations throttle everything; we all see it happening; we all know the cure. But we appear to be powerless to do anything about it. I have been inveighing against the mass of regulations which hinder private flying for years; I have had many letters supporting my attacks; but the regulations grow steadily in number and complexity; the officials who batten on aviation increase and multiply.

I suppose that if another Brancker were to arise he might do something about it. Nobody with a less forceful personality has a chance.





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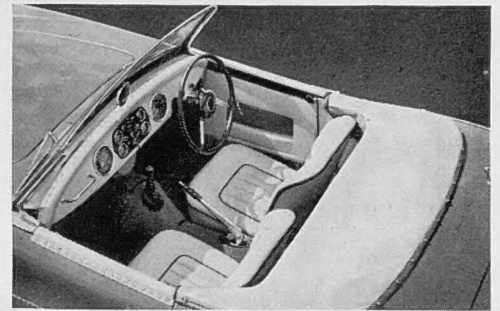


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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Marlborough's Moat Became Field

HIGH above the River Kennet an old castle stood on the land now occupied by Marlborough College. Falling into disrepair the castle virtually ceased to exist before the opening of the sixteenth century. Later the land came into possession of the Somerset family, who erected a stately mansion, replaced by another building in the earliest years of the eighteenth century. Eventually the property passed to the Northumberland family, and almost immediately it was leased as an inn. Lying on the main road between London and Bath, it flourished exceedingly, serving the "nobility and gentry" well, until the coming of the railways, when its fortunes rapidly declined.

IT was about that time that the Rev. C. E. Plater conceived a plan for the creation of a school for the sons of the clergy, and others, and after much searching for a suitable site, the old mansion and outbuildings grouped round the courtyard were obtained, the necessary alterations made and the school opened in 1843.

An unprecedented task lay before the first Master, the Rev. Matthew Wilkinson, the creation out of nothing of a boarding school for two hundred boys, to be increased as soon as possible to five hundred—a number attained by 1848. A large programme of building followed the opening, and there has been rebuilding and additions, notably the second Chapel dedicated in 1886, but the mansion of the Seymours stands much as it did more than two hundred years ago.

Financial difficulties and increased numbers

created many problems in organization and management, and it is not strange that the structure creaked and discipline gave under the strain. In 1851 occurred what Marlburians like to call the Great Rebellion. Its magnitude is in question, but the outbreak led indirectly to the resignation of the first Master, who had performed a great task, perhaps unique in the annals of education. From then onwards the College steadily improved under a succession of Masters whose fame extends beyond the confines of the College.

Cricket at Marlborough in the early years was very primitive, as it was not until the old



THE CRICKET MASTER, Mr. J. R. Thompson, with the Master, Mr. T. R. Garnett, the cricket and hockey captain, Mr. P. R. H. Anderson, and the professional and coach, D. Jennings

Castle Moat, containing stagnant water, was filled in for health reasons, and the ground levelled, that a decent cricket field was provided. Rugby was first met in 1855—this fixture is today the highlight of the season—and Cheltenham the following year. Other regular opponents now include Clifton, Eton, Sherborne, Wellington and Winchester.

BEFORE turning to the twentieth century, a story of the great "W. G." is worthy of mention. Playing for Lansdowne against the school, the Doctor was clean bowled after making six. In the Chapel that evening a hymn contained the lines, "The scanty triumphs grace has won"; which was too much for the composure of the worshippers.

Two outstanding Marlburians before the turn of the century were A. G. Steel and R. H. Spooner. Both these brilliant cricketers played for England against Australia and Spooner also represented his country at Rugby. Worthy successors include N. F. Druce, G. G. Napier, R. O. Lagden, a triple Blue and Rugby international, A. J. L. Hill and Sir G. E. Abell.

The Rugby game was being played by 1853, for a match against Cambridge Old Rugbeians is recorded. The Marlborough Nomads founded by Old Marlburians in 1868 was for many years one of the foremost London clubs and a founder member of the Rugby Union. In later years Marlborough has only been an average Rugby school side, but ranks as one of the leading hockey schools. Over fifty Old Marlburians have won international caps, including England captains in S. H. Saville, T. W. Mansergh and R. Y. Fison, and the number of Blues is legion.

THE names of those who gave their lives in battle are graven on the walls of the Memorial Hall and in the Chapel. These and thousands of other Old Marlburians have lived their days at school in the buildings built around the Seymour Mansion, among the downs and forests and under the shadow of The Mount.

The next article in this series, due to appear on August 18, will deal with Harrow School.



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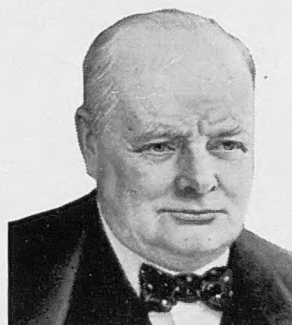
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